

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1871.

The Week.

THE latter half of 1870, so wonderfully memorable in the history of Europe, has closed with a series of events fully worthy to be reckoned among the most momentous or most interesting of that extraordinary period. The Prussians have, for the first time, achieved the reduction of one of the forts defending Paris, and thus advanced a considerable step towards the reduction of that capital itself. The South-western States of Germany, with the exception of Bavaria, have ratified the treaties with the North German Confederation, which expand the latter into a new German Empire, under the rule of the victorious Prussian Hohenzollern. Another Hohenzollern prince, Charles of Roumania, has proclaimed the full independence of his country, which adds another complication to the Eastern question. Victor Emanuel has entered Rome, the new capital of Italy, now truly and completely united from the Alps to the Adria, and from the Alps to the Straits. And the fortunate Italian king's son, Amadeus, has entered his new country, Spain, there to ascend a throne offered him by the most brilliant of modern Spanish statesmen, Juan Prim, who, however, at that very moment—at the moment he seemed to have crowned a revolution begun by himself—falls a victim to assassination, inspired by party rage; thus, perhaps, saving the new king from a similar fate.

General Prim was assassinated just as he was about to witness the consummation of his long labors for the establishment of a monarchy, and 'his death' is certainly, taken in connection with the insurrections with which the Republicans have sought to lighten the tedium of the interregnum, as good proof as he could desire of the soundness of his position that there were no republicans—that is, republicans of the kind required for setting up a republic—in Spain. There are in Spain, as in France, large numbers of persons who desire a republic, but the number of those who have patience and self-control enough to make one is very small. Prim was nearer being a statesman than any Spaniard of his time—nearer than Espartero, Narvaez, O'Donnell, or Serrano. But he belonged to a type of statesman found only in Spain—the ready, dashing, brave, unscrupulous, intriguing sort, made up of soldier, conspirator, filibuster, and adventurer in about equal parts, never much cast down, nor much elated, having about the same feeling towards the crown and the people that the Prætorian Guard may be supposed to have had at Rome, but more patriotism. He was the best soldier Spain has produced for a long while—an army which makes revolutions being always a poor school—and probably wished to give Spaniards peace and good government more than most of his comrades. His military exploits have been exaggerated by the daily papers. His 'valuable service in Turkey,' in 1853, of which the *Tribune* speaks, was simply a promenade. His share in the affair of Oltenitz consisted in looking at it from the opposite bank of the Danube, and he had nothing to do with the siege of Silistria, having returned to Spain long before it occurred. His only glimpse worth mention of real war was obtained in Morocco, in his short and brilliant campaign against the Moors.

The probability is that the assassination will affect Spanish feeling favorably to the new King, who, the latest despatches say, has been receiving an enthusiastic reception on the road to the capital, and his speeches have produced a very favorable impression, but it yet remains to be seen whether it is really possible any longer, even by taking as young a man as the Duc d'Aosta, and one sprung from as famous a

house as his, to make a king to order. The founding of dynasties in foreign countries seems to be a thing of the past. Isabella has, in the meantime, from her retirement at Geneva, solemnly protested against the whole business on behalf of her son, Don Alfonso de Bourbon, in whose favor she has abdicated, and whose advent to the throne would not only make the Spaniards perfectly happy, but fill 'her maternal heart' with joy.

Contrary to the general expectation that an attempt by the Prussians to reduce some of the forts encircling Paris would be made—if made at all—from the south, and that Issy, Vanves, or Montrouge would be their first target, the fire of the besiegers was first directed in earnest against Fort Avron, an outer stronghold in front of Forts Rosny and Noisy, on the east. The bombardment was opened on the morning of December 27, by heavy batteries posted at intervals from Noisy-le-Grand, on the Marne, to Raincy, near the southern border of the Forest of Bondy. The assailed fort replied furiously, but irregularly, and its fire soon slackened. The Germans continued their shelling on the following day until the fort was silenced, and, in the evening, as it appears, the garrison retired into Paris, leaving some arms and munitions of war behind them. The loss in men on either side was insignificant. The Germans also shelled Noisy-le-Sec, Merlan, Bondy, and other villages and stations on the east and northeast of the city, dislodging the French from a number of advanced posts lately occupied and covered with batteries. The generals commanding in the city made no attempt to interrupt the bombardment by a new sortie, and the fire of the forts in the rear proved ineffective to quell it; but no attempt by the besiegers to reduce the latter, which would render them masters of Paris, has yet been reported.

Like Pfalzburg and Montmédy, Mézières has finally surrendered after a number of frustrated attacks. Thus of the fortified places in all the northeast section of France, between the Rhine and the Meuse, embracing all Alsace, the main parts of Lorraine, and a portion of Champagne, only the little mountain fastness Bitsch, Longwy, and the citadel of Givet—on the northern border—and Belfort, at the southwest extremity of Alsace, remain unreduced by the Germans. Of all these only Belfort is important, both by its strength and position, and its besiegers have lately made vigorous but unsuccessful attempts to capture it, meeting, according to somewhat vague reports, with severe repulses. Its capture would be the more desirable to the Germans, the more uncertain their occupation of the adjoining parts of Franche-Comté has become in consequence of the advance of the French from Burgundy under Garibaldi, Cremer, and others, before whom General Von Werder has successively evacuated Dijon, Gray, and Vesoul. A battle is said to be imminent near Héricourt, between the latter place and Belfort. Von Werder's hasty retreat makes it probable that the French forces lately operating against him on the defensive, between Autun and Dijon, have been reinforced by a portion of Bourbaki's command, or aided by a co-operative movement on the part of that French general, whose doings after his retreat from Orléans, in a southeast direction along the Loire, almost entirely escaped the observation of our Cable reporters, until they were told from Bordeaux that he was marching eastward on a mission 'to cut the Prussian lines of communication in all directions in that quarter.' This may possibly mean an advance from the Loire through northern Nivernais and Burgundy, in the direction of Langres.

North of the Loire, too, some retrograde movements are reported in the operations of the Prussians, owing, perhaps, to a desire of strengthening the besieging circle around Paris at the moment when assaults on the forts without and famine within might drive its defenders to more desperate efforts to break through that circle than those hitherto made. There was some desultory fighting, without important results on either side, near St. Calais and La Chartre, in the Département

of Sarthe, and at Montoire and Vendôme, in Loir-et-Cher; but no serious attack on General Chanzy's army in its positions near Le Mans has as yet been made by either Prince Frederic Charles or the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg. Some fighting south-east of Orléans is reported, and also the investment of Meung, between that city and Blois. Much more activity is displayed by the forces commanded by General Mantouffier in the north, and simultaneously operating against Havre, which they threaten from the north-east, occupying positions between the Seine and the Channel, mainly near Bolbec; against Honfleur, opposite Havre, south of the Seine; against Peronne, on the Somme, which they have invested; and against General Faidherbe, whom they have forced to abandon Arras and to seek a stronger position near Douai, the fortified centre of the powerful quadrilateral formed by Arras, Lille, Valenciennes, and Cambrai.

The pertinacity of the French resistance is exciting astonishment and doubt as to the result, solely because of the rapidity and completeness of the earlier victories of the campaign. Nobody dreamed last June that Germany would, under the most favorable circumstances, have overcome all resistance and brought France to her knees in six months; and yet, because she has not done it, and because France has in six months managed to raise and equip two very indifferent armies, many people are disposed to imagine the position of the Germans very precarious, and the result of the war uncertain. The fighting of the new French armies has been very poor; there is nothing to praise in them but the fact that they fought at all, and were not captured wholesale like the Imperial forces; and nothing that is known of their spirit will warrant any calm observer in looking for a conflict *à outrance*. Gambetta, Crémieux, and Glais-Bizoin have let the world know that D'Aureilles de Paladines had 200,000 men and 500 guns before the recent battles at Orléans. He had, moreover, three strong and fortified lines, not one of which he was able to hold, and he crossed the Loire, not in absolute flight, but in great disorder. The English Commissioner at the Prussian headquarters was with Prince Frederic Charles during these engagements, and has sent home an account of the Prussian strength, which shows that it fell short of 90,000 all told.

We have, moreover, read carefully a great mass of the European correspondence from both camps, written during the operations, and they agree throughout as to the want of discipline, organization, and enthusiasm on the part of the French, and as to the extraordinary excellence of the Germans on all these points, and the strong French partisans give even a more dismal account of the condition of the French than their enemies. Gambetta's readiness to call for an armistice after the defeat at Orléans, which seems to be well authenticated, shows that he has himself no great reliance on the popular tenacity, and feels that he may any moment reach the end of his tether. There is no doubt, however, that French armies will continue to move about and give the Prussians more or less trouble and fighting till Paris falls. As long as that holds out, it is comparatively easy to keep alive the hope of some great blow; but once it has fallen, and 400,000 men more are disarmed and prisoners, there is little doubt that there will be no disposition left to keep up an exhausting struggle, even to save Alsace and Lorraine, which the Prussians now hold, and hold impregnably. We have been unable to discover in any quarter any evidence of readiness on the part of the French people 'to die in the last ditch' or 'fight to the bitter end.' Those who remember the amount of this kind of stuff which was talked at the South towards the close of our rebellion know what it is worth. France is far from exhausted, but in modern times men do not fight till they have nothing left in the world, except to avoid death or slavery. Frenchmen are not threatened with either.

It looks as if Victor Hugo or Wendell Phillips, whichever of them occupies the position of Head Sentimentalist, would have to resign it in favor of M. de Chaudordy, the French 'Minister Delegate for Foreign Affairs.' He has published an appeal to neutral nations on

behalf of France which, for indifference to facts, surpasses any composition which has yet issued from the school. He says that for 'two months appalled Europe has been at a loss to understand the continuance of an unexampled war, which has become as purposeless as disastrous.' 'People,' he says, 'ask with amazement what can be the cause and what the object of such a struggle.' 'What are we to think?' he enquires; 'can it be that our enemies really wish to destroy us?' And he declares 'that it is a war of extermination Prussia pursues,' and that she 'pursues it in disregard of all ideas of justice, right, and civilization in the world. When you have destroyed the armies of your enemy and overturned that enemy himself, is it just you should continue the war for no other purpose than that of annihilating or forcing to surrender a great capital teeming with the riches of art, science, and industry?'

When one remembers that Prussia has again and again made known that her object in continuing the war is to secure a 'better strategic frontier,' namely, the surrender of Alsace and part of Lorraine; that the cession of territory by the vanquished has been a usual result of war since the dawn of history; that France is herself largely made up of annexations procured through war; that she obtained Alsace and Lorraine in this way; that she asked Prussia for the Rhine Provinces, and took Savoy from the Italians, for the very same reason for which Germany now seeks to push her dominion to the Voges; and that Paris is an immense stronghold, with great fortifications, prepared expressly, thirty years ago, for the reception of French armies in case they were worsted when making forays on neighboring nations; that it now contains 400,000 fighting men ready to pursue the Prussians in their retreat, in case they should retire—it must be admitted that M. de Chaudordy surpasses even our own Phillips in effrontery. He reminds one strongly of the burglar who, having been detected in a gentleman's bedroom removing his watch and jewellery, and having fired a pistol at the owner, and offered a determined resistance when he attempted to arrest him, but having been finally secured, and the police called in, thus expostulated with his captors: 'You have taken my swag and my pistol and knife from me, and you know perfectly well that, if you let me go, I am ready to leave the house; what then are you holding me for? Do you want to tear the clothes off my back or to murder me? Are you civilized men, as you pretend to be, or savage cut-throats? It is true I have robbed you before, but my name was then Smith; I now change it to Brown, so that from Smith you have nothing to fear hereafter. I am well-educated, and have been brought up under Christian influences, and have a house in which I can show a well-selected library, and a few pictures, which, though I say it that shouldn't, are of no small value. I long to be back among them, and pursue my studies in peace. I have tried to rob and murder you, to be sure, but I have failed, and I own myself beaten. What more do you want? Is there no justice in heaven?'

Victor Emanuel has made his appearance at Rome, where he was enthusiastically received, the only portion of the population which testified their hatred to him being the Papal office-holders, a sorry and incapable lot, whose numbers the new Government is about to cut down by one-half, and who will hereafter be compelled to attend to their official duties exclusively, instead of running about Rome and doing odd jobs besides as hitherto. As might be supposed, they consider this kind of reform impracticable; it might do in England, or France, or Prussia, but any change in Rome will work ruin. The Pope has launched his last thunderbolt at the usurper in the shape of the *excommunicatio major*, which he has hitherto held in reserve. This is the most comprehensive of modern curses, and leaves its victims in a very bad way.

The San Domingo business has, of course, made no further progress owing to the holidays. The story goes that the opponents of the measure intend to stave it off as long as possible, in the hope that the next Congress may deal differently with it, or that it may die of inanition—a course which its friends pronounce 'unmanly.' There is talk of the President having sent for Mr. Horace Greeley, and remained 'closeted' with him a long time, from which it is inferred that Mr.

Greeley is to have a place offered him in the proposed commission of enquiry. Senator Sumner is severely rated by the country press, even that portion of it which is opposed to the San Domingo scheme, for the violence of his language about the President. They say they are 'pained' by his conduct, though some are simply surprised. One would think he had been long remarkable for the calm, moderation, and accuracy of his language. We ought to mention, in connection with this San Domingo business, a fact on which we have commented elsewhere, that the promoters of a meeting to be held here to celebrate the completion of the great work of Italian unification have found it impossible to get a single politician of note either to attend the meeting or express sympathy with its objects—so great and widespread is the terror already inspired amongst this class by the Catholic Church in this country. That church is, as we have said, virtually established in this State, and there are absolutely no limits to its pretensions. Of any man who, in view of this fact, works to secure the admission to the Union of a State peopled by Spanish Catholic blacks, we shall only say that he must be a remarkable person.

In business circles the year closes rather gloomily. The extraordinary decline in the Union Pacific Railroad securities is having a more widespread influence than was at first expected. At least one New England firm, reputed immensely wealthy, is announced as in difficulties; though how even a much worse decline on two millions of bonds, to which the suspension is attributed, could cripple a concern estimated to be worth many millions, seems to need explanation, unless the concern was otherwise expanded. A large fire insurance company, likewise belonging to New England, and likewise presided over by one of the recent Union Pacific directors, though this may be a mere accidental coincidence, succumbed at the same time; while, in addition to acknowledged facts, rumors of every kind continue to be spread for speculative purposes. The price of the Pacific securities rallied on the last day of the year; but apart from its being known that the rally was effected by interested persons, the blow to credit has been too serious to be looked upon as a mere Wall-Street manoeuvre. Money has continued scarce, in spite of the utmost liberality on the part of the banks, who show great confidence in the state of affairs, and who attribute all recent disturbances to tricks of speculators. General business, thought light, continues steady and apparently healthy. Cotton receipts have fallen off materially, still the price has barely held its own. Meats are coming forward freely, and breadstuffs have been firm in price. The great commerce of the country appears to be sound enough; the undeniable and widespread uneasiness now prevailing appears to be more directed to great corporations and to the speculation in real estate, which latter appears to great disadvantage in the public sales under foreclosure, now taking place almost daily, while the investigation of the Hartford Home Insurance Company discloses a state of affairs positively scandalous. Reduction of wages is going on in almost every branch of industry, and large numbers of people are reported out of employment.

We spoke a fortnight ago of the preparations made by Governor Holden of North Carolina for his approaching trial and impeachment, by being converted and publicly baptized. Recently, the negro members of the Legislature have issued an address, adopting him as a martyr to his advocacy of their cause, and comparing him to Mordecai, and his enemies to Haman, and alleging that 'since Haman plotted the destruction of the Jews that dwelt in the Persian dominion, no wickedness hath been devised that will bear any comparison with some of the measures proposed by the dominant party in the present General Assembly.' They say that after his impeachment his enemies will not be satisfied till he is hanged, and that 'the arm of flesh' is powerless to save him. They have therefore appointed January 13 as a day of fasting and prayer for his deliverance, and direct abstinence from 'luxuries' for the three days preceding it, and request maid-servants who cannot stop work in the morning to devote the afternoon to praying for the governor. The proclamation, as a political document, will look funny to a good many, but the signers are evidently in sober earnest, and their extrava-

gance falls on the whole short of that of the crazier white brethren engaged in the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. Some of these shouted for prayer-meetings all over the country, to pray not that justice might be done, but that the verdict might be guilty.

There is something pleasant in the spectacle of Mr. Seward's peregrinations, whether viewed as the sequel of his career as a minister of foreign affairs, or as the intelligent choice of an old man released from civil duties. His reception, even in Mexico, where some things were conveniently forgotten, has been everywhere flattering not only to himself, but to his country. In October last, he had the extraordinary, indeed unprecedented, honor of a reception in Yedo, by the Mikado, the full details of which have but just reached us. It appears that the Foreign Ministers of the Japanese monarch were prepared on Mr. Seward's arrival at Yokohama to offer him a state breakfast, at which the Prime Minister and other functionaries would be present. This was subsequently abandoned on representations from the American Minister, who informed them that Mr. Seward intended going up to Yedo, and would be pleased to pay his respects to them. This was responded to by an invitation to meet the Mikado in person, in an informal manner, on the morning of the 8th of October. Mr. Seward's acceptance having been signified, provision was made by the Japanese to avoid all embarrassment on the occasion; and with a delicacy and forethought not surpassed at European courts, the American party were furnished with a plan of the room where the ceremony was to take place, the position to be occupied by every participant, and a copy of the proposed remarks of the Mikado. In return, a copy of the replies was requested, and, thus arranged beyond the possibility of failure or awkwardness, the interview came off. The remarkable feature of it was the absence of any concealment of the Mikado's person, and of any display of guards and attendants. The Prime Minister neatly observed, that 'your majesty having graciously invited him to this audience, it is altogether unnecessary that I should dwell upon the character or fame of this eminent statesman;' which led the way for words of welcome from the Mikado, a proper acknowledgment from Mr. Seward, a request from his majesty for suggestions (to the Prime Minister) towards promoting friendly intercourse between Japan and the Treaty Powers, and a disclaimer from Mr. Seward of any authority to speak for his government; but a desire to be instructed as to 'what policy and measures may have a tendency as well to secure the happiest possible relations between Japan and the United States, as also to promote civilization and progress throughout both hemispheres.'

Gen. Howard's annual report brings the Freedmen's Bureau for nearly the last time to public notice, it being now occupied in winding up its affairs as expeditiously as possible. Besides its educational work during the past year, which has not been extensive nor extended for want of funds, the Bureau has been chiefly occupied in pension, pay, prize, and bounty settlements with colored soldiers and sailors, whom it has saved as far as it could from excessive attorney's fees, as well as the national Treasury from fraudulent claims. In spite of all the mismanagement that has been charged upon its officers—and that some has been proved at headquarters we cannot deny—we believe the general action of the Bureau to have been truly economic, both in a pecuniary and a moral sense, to the country. The entire cost of its operations from the beginning would make but a small item in the plunder of the Ring of this city during the same period. As a purely charitable organization, it has been worth all its ever cost, if only in discharging a national obligation to those whom the war left homeless and friendless. Its greatest value and largest claim to grateful remembrance undoubtedly have been in establishing schools in a land of almost heathen ignorance. It has accomplished little, measured by the field in which it worked, but it is no mean record of accomplishment to be able to say, as does Superintendent Alvord on retiring, that a majority of the teachers now employed in the Bureau's schools are colored men and women, who have been trained, moreover, in high, normal, or industrial schools.

THE GAINS OF THE YEAR.

Its events had merely a spectacular interest for those not engaged in them, the year 1870 would probably, for lookers-on, have to yield precedence in point of interest to several that have gone before it. A good many have contained things that made a far deeper impression on the imagination of mankind than anything it has produced. The capture of Rome by Alaric, the fall of Constantinople and of the Eastern Empire, the discovery of America, the outbreak of the Reformation, and the downfall of Napoleon I., were all events which, whether the significance was great or small, produced a far greater sensation than anything that has occurred, and, we might almost say, anything that can occur in our day. Politics has not been reduced to a science; but the relation of cause and effect in the political world has been sufficiently studied to prepare people in a general way for results which came on our forefathers like a thunderclap. And then our imaginations have been nearly dried up by the white light of science; with hardly a corner left for mystery, with security firmly established, and with law substituted for authority, there is little left to feed the fancy or shake the nerves.

But if we judge the dead year by the importance of its contributions to the work of human progress, it would perhaps be difficult to find one to match it. It has delivered the world from one great anxiety by the overthrow and discredit of French imperialism. There were many, and these by no means the least shrewd or thoughtful, who feared that Louis Napoleon had set up in France the goal to which modern democracy was everywhere tending, and that the first use the majority would make of their newly acquired rights would be to lay them at the feet of a Cæsar, asking nothing in return but bread and amusement. Some of the best Frenchmen of our day turned to Tacitus for a faithful picture of their own times, and heard with a shudder the Bonapartist lawyers preaching before venal judges the old doctrine of Justinian, which really formed the basis of the French constitution, that the Emperor's will was law, because by electing him 'the people' had bestowed on him all its own power and authority. The best French liberals, too, those who dread revolutions most, felt reluctant to come to any compromise with the dynasty, lest they should help it to escape that sudden and violent end which, only, they thought would suffice to undo the evil it had wrought and dissipate the base hopes it had raised. Their patience has certainly had its reward. The whole system of which the dynasty was the embodiment has perished, and perished miserably. Justice overtook it, *flagrante delicto*, and slew it in the light, after not only its badness, but its incapacity had been fully revealed. Eighteen-hundred-and-seventy will, therefore, be famous as the year in which the world was taught that, wherever the majority undertakes the work of government, it must do it; that it can find no substitute or lieutenant; that, whether it governs well or ill, govern it must, and that anybody who is not satisfied with its government must try not to take its burdens off its shoulders, but to make the shoulders better able to bear them.

The year has been not more fortunate, however, in the death of imperialism than in the instruments by which it was wrought. We care little, and everybody may care little, about King William's torism, or Bismarck's unscrupulousness, or the arrogance of the Prussian Junkers. The King will pass away, and so will Bismarck, and so will the Junkers. It is not they who have conquered France, and delivered Europe from a foul and dangerous example. The foes under whose mighty blows Cæsarism has perished are knowledge, training, fidelity, exactness, and punctuality—the qualities, in short, which make man the only great thing in this world, and which, as long as the race lasts, will prove its glory and salvation. Renan said in 1866 that 'it was the universities which conquered at Sadowa,' by which he meant that it was the general culture of the German people which made them such good soldiers. But culture does not mean the possession of knowledge simply; it means, most of all, a proper appreciation of the value of knowledge. And a man who has this cannot be called wholly uncultivated, even if he cannot write. The Germans have been able to overrun France in half a year simply because Germans have learnt what Frenchmen have not learnt—that training is essential to efficiency, and that without

training a man is only half a man after all. This is simply another way of saying that they have learnt the value of truth; for the readiness to look facts in the face, and regulate their lives by them, is nothing but the spirit of truthfulness. Disinclination to look at one's defects, or acknowledge one's ignorance or weakness; eagerness to take comfortable views of one's own capacity, and to paint one's own powers and tendencies in gorgeous colors, though ordinarily called vanity, are really forms of falsehood. The German military system may not be the best, but its principles are applicable not only to all military systems, but to the whole conduct of life; and their striking vindication on the battle-field has come most opportunely at the moment when democracy is just entering into power under the full influence of a reaction against everything mediæval, including obedience and authority of all kinds, and of what might almost be called frantic cultivation of individualism.

The overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, too, is in itself a small matter. He has been deprived of his dominions before now, and has come back again. What gives the recent revolution in Rome its significance is, that it is but the expression of an idea, which has only taken hold of the world in our day, that the state and the church are two separate and distinct interests, to be transacted on different bases for different ends, and secured by different sanctions. The identity of the church and state was a cardinal doctrine of the creed of Christendom for fifteen hundred years. It has been decaying slowly ever since the Reformation, but has, nevertheless, exercised a powerful influence on the civilization of the Western world. The complete separation of the two in the United States gave it a serious blow, and the rapid democratization of European institutions has for the last thirty years been giving it the air of a dream. The Pope's loss of his temporal power virtually gives it a death-blow. It was a great and noble idea when it first took its rise, and for centuries gave a miserable world almost its only glimpses of heaven. It has perished before the growth of the very civilization which it saved and cherished. The effect of its disappearance on religion and society it is too soon to speculate about; but our experience here justifies the belief that religion everywhere will gain greatly in real influence by its loss of all official recognition.

The whole history of the temporal power has been in the highest degree dramatic. That power took its rise amidst the desolation of a decayed and ruined Italy; it vanishes after a thousand years before the advent of the new Italian nation; and it would be foolish either for Italians or for the rest of the world to forget that, of all the great creations of Italian genius, the Papacy has not been the least wonderful. The race whose patient hands and valiant hearts built up the Roman empire, and whose cunning brains wrought the great web of the Roman law, might perhaps afford to treat the Popedom as a mere reminder of its weakness or misfortunes; but the new Italy, which the Popedom neither frets nor oppresses, will hardly so regard it. To have erected, in a world made up of crouching slaves and barbarian invaders, a dominion vaster and more powerful than that of the Cæsars, which found its authority and distributed its rewards in an unseen world, and which, through ages of the darkest periods of human history, raised the only voice that spoke for justice, for truth, and for purity, was certainly a rare exploit, and it was Italians who performed it.

The Italians in America are to celebrate in a few days, after fifteen hundred weary and woful years, the re-entrance of an Italian king and army to the old capital, and the relegation of the Pope to those purely spiritual functions which in the earlier and better days of the church were his only ones, and for which the decayed and destroyed civil power, whose place he mercifully took, is now once more ready to release him. The occasion is solemn and splendid, and the year which witnesses it is certainly a great and memorable year. One would imagine that in the country which afforded the first successful example of the separation of church and state, and whose whole life is a constant protest against the doctrines and maxims of government and society of which the Papacy has made itself the exponent, there would be no lack of politicians, as well as of ministers and philanthropists, to rejoice with them; and yet, we believe, such is the emasculating effect on mind and morals of a political career as the average politician pursues it, that the committee

find themselves not only unable to extract speeches, but even expressions of interest and sympathy for the celebration of the greatest event of our time, the downfall of a decrepit and soul-destroying despotism, and the resurrection of a great people. For the transparent imposture called the French 'Republic,' there is not a politician among us who has not his breeches pockets bursting with felicitations; but over the restoration of Rome to Italians not one of them—we speak by authority—can be got to utter a word of rejoicing. We doubt if a more significant fact has made its way to the light for a long while, and we call the attention of the public to it as a striking indication of the extent to which the coarse and brutal despotism, half-thievish, half-priestly, to which we are subjected here in New York, has extended its sway over the *political class* in all parts of the country. We suppose it would be possible to collect a hundred professional politicians, even of high standing, in a room together, and not find heart or courage enough for one honest man among them all; and he would not be a rash or uncharitable person who should deduce from their cowardly silence with regard to this revolution at Rome, contrasted with their ebullient 'sympathy' for all other rows, tumults, and rebellions, the conclusion that they are preparing another series of the base compliances which marked the whole course of the slavery struggle, and which at last made its end bloody and disastrous.

THE NEXT PHASE OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE 'Black Sea question,' which is the name now given to what every one feels, but nobody likes to admit, is really the old Eastern question, a little disguised, does not make much progress toward satisfactory solution, and, in fact, has received fresh complication during the week from the declaration of independence which is reported to have been issued by Roumania. Russia is undoubtedly getting ready for war, but it is quite plain she is not nearly as ready for it as she wishes to have it appear. In the Emperor Nicholas's day, her influence in Germany and in Eastern Europe was largely maintained by the circulation of reports about her armaments which the state of her press, and the difficulties of travel and investigation within her borders, made it impossible to check, but of which the war of 1853 exposed the wild exaggeration. The force which invaded the Principalities was stopped easily and forced to retire by a small Turkish entrenchment, and the garrison 100,000 strong which, in all the philo-Russian papers, held Sebastopol, dwindled on the approach of the allies to 40,000, and the rapid exhaustion wrought by the siege proved how little 'staying power' even the largest empire can boast in the absence of a dense population, of great accumulated wealth, and a high stage of manufacturing industry. The approach of another attempt to restore her influence in Eastern Europe is being heralded now by the usual flight of rumors about her prodigious naval and military resources, but the secrecy of the Nicholas régime has passed away, and we hear enough of what is passing in the interior to enable us to calculate pretty accurately the extent of her preparations.

The most important of these is, of course, the remodelling of her army on the Prussian plan. Her own system of a conscription of grossly ignorant peasants, practically for a life-service, with noble officers, and a severe discipline maintained by the stick, is as much out of date as the flint lock musket, and it is creditable to the intelligence and patriotism of the people that they should see it, and accept with satisfaction the proposed imposition of the military burden on all classes alike. Along with it comes the substitution of breech-loaders for muzzle loaders, which is going on, though apparently slowly, the expense being great and money scarce. It is very probable, however, that the modifications in the army and armament are serious enough to make war just now somewhat inconvenient, and there is every reason to believe that though a great military harbor, and probably the materials for a great fleet, are accumulated at Nicolaieff, there is nothing as yet in the Black Sea or the adjacent waters capable of making head against the Turkish and much less against the British fleet. While, therefore, Russia declares herself released from the restrictions imposed on her with regard to the Black Sea by the treaty of 1856, she does nothing, for the present, to prove her release, and bides her time. Time, it must be admitted, works for her. The longer the

treaty remains in its present condition, and the more familiar Europe becomes with the idea of its being broken, the less heinous does the act of breaking it appear, and the weaker will be the resolution of the co-signatories to oppose it. Moreover, the spirit of the Russian population is likely to rise and the efficiency of her armies to increase with delay.

In the meantime, the difficulties of the co-signatories certainly do not diminish. That Austria will ever let Russia go down to Constantinople by land, and take possession of it, or that England and France will ever permit it by sea, supposing France to have recovered from her domestic troubles sufficiently to take hold once more of the broken threads of her foreign policy, no rational and well-informed person believes. A vast military empire, stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the Bosphorus, and controlling the Black Sea and Mediterranean, is something which Europe will not permit to be set up in our time. There is just as little chance of Germany submitting to it as of France, if the work of unification were once off her hands. And we can already picture to ourselves the cynical sneer with which Bismarck will reply to a Russian demand for his connivance at any such scheme, as soon as he gets either the King or his successor safely seated on the imperial throne. But, then, nothing is plainer than that the hostility of Western Europe to the Russian pretensions must speedily secure some better basis than the right of the Sultan as an independent sovereign to the integrity of his dominions. A claim so purely technical does not last long, and in the Sultan's case it is fairly worn out. The defences of him which were put forward in England in 1853 on this ground would now sound ridiculous.

The fact is that better materials for the establishment of a young, vigorous, and progressive state do not exist anywhere than are to be found in the region which is roughly designated as European Turkey, if Western Europe could be got to undertake the task of building it up after having given the Turks notice to quit. The theory on which the Crimean War was undertaken, was that Turkey had entered on a process of transformation which, if let alone, the Turks were capable of carrying out, and that the result would be the creation of a great modern state in which Mussulman and Christian would be equal before the law, and participate equally in the work of government. After fourteen years' trial, and every assistance that money could give from England, this theory has now been thoroughly exploded. The Turks are not capable either of establishing or maintaining any régime in which equality is a leading element. Indeed, to all Turks in a healthy moral condition, the very notion of equality is blasphemous folly, and the attempts of the Sultan and his semi-Gallicized ministers to carry it out so many signs of corruption and degeneracy. What is still more fatal to the scheme is, that the Christian population does not want equality with Turks, and will make no active exertions to bring it about. Sitting with Turks in a legislative body is, to those who have grown up under Turkish rule, repulsive and ridiculous. Co-operation between the two races for any purpose is impossible, and the notion that the Sultan can acquire any real hold on the allegiance of the rayahs an idle dream. The idea of law, too, as a rule based on considerations of utilitarianism, and having no necessary religious source, is an idea foreign to the Turkish mind and manners, and which, if we may judge from the history of the race, it would take the exposure of many generations to new influences to work into its brains. This is a strange assertion to make of a people whose cousins, the Magyars, stand in the very first rank in point of political sense; but the Magyars have been European Christians for 800 years. In short, no settlement of the Eastern question is possible in which the Turks are not excluded from the problem as far as Europe is concerned.

The question, What is to take their place? would then come up for discussion; and it is by frankly addressing themselves to its solution that the Western powers will put an end to Russian designs on Constantinople, and not by keeping Russian fleets out of the Black Sea. And in dealing with this, one of the great defects of Turkish rule turns out to be one of its most valuable legacies. Its great peculiarity is that it attempted nothing in the shape of administration. It taxed the Christians, and gave them nothing in return for their taxes—neither justice, police, nor roads; but it interfered in no way with the

management of their own affairs, either civil or ecclesiastical. More complete local self-government than that which the European rayahs have long enjoyed, or more complete religious freedom, is not to be found anywhere—not even in New England. Every Bulgarian and Roumelian village has for ages managed its own affairs without any guidance or interference except from the bishop. To be sure, its affairs were few and simple; but the habit of dealing with them, and of expecting nothing from the general government, is none the less strong, healthy, and useful for the building-up of a new state. With what facility and success a people long ground down by Turkish oppression, at the time when the pasha was really a robber and murderer, can pass into the full enjoyment of political independence, and the skilful and progressive conduct of its own affairs, has been shown in the case of Servia. There is every reason to expect results little less gratifying in the case of Bosnia and Bulgaria, though in Bosnia the Mussulman (not Turkish) element in the Slave population is unfortunately large. As we get into Roumelia and approach Constantinople, the preponderance of the Greek or blatherskite element would throw difficulties in the way of building up a stable government; for the Greek, though a very shrewd business man, is in politics a confirmed Sentimentalist; and to work him into any healthy, rational, and decent political organization will for a long while prove a very difficult task. Nevertheless, after every allowance has been made for the obstacles of all kinds—ethnological, religious, historical—there can hardly be a question that the same amount of effort and sacrifice in blood and money which the Western powers have been making on behalf of Turkey since 1829, would long ere this have set up and firmly established on the Bosphorus a young, strong, and growing Christian state, which would command the sympathy and moral support of the civilized world, and put an end for ever to the Russian dream of a southern capital. If Servia could be got to cast in her lot with it, she would supply skill and experience both in civil and military organization, which is all the Bosnians and Bulgarians need to make them really good politicians. As regards the Turkish population, it might be left to take care of itself. There would be no need to provide for its expulsion. The Turks retire of their own accord from Christian rule and even Christian preponderance. They have disappeared from Hungary, Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia, in all of which they were once numerous. For many years they have been steadily moving out of Bulgaria, unable to bear the growth of their Christian neighbors in wealth, intelligence, and independence; and, indeed, the stream of Mussulman emigration flows over the Bosphorus into Asia, if not in a strong, in a very steady current. The genuine Turk will not accept modern ideas; and with his declining faith in the durability of Ottoman rule in Europe, his desire to lay his bones in Asia—the soil from which his fathers sprang, on which his creed is still deeply rooted—grows stronger. Whatever becomes of European Turkey, it will before many years contain but few Turks outside the great towns.

THE TREASURY CASH BALANCE.

According to the last debt statement, Mr. Boutwell had on hand somewhat over 125 millions of dollars in cash—nearly 100 millions in coin, and 25 millions in currency. During the recent stringency of money, repeatedly referred to in these columns, a very animated discussion arose among business-men as to the propriety of so large an amount of money being locked up in the Treasury and withdrawn from the uses of commerce and trade. The discussion is deserving of more general interest than it receives, for it concerns the whole community far more nearly than it does the men of business, who seldom trouble themselves about public measures, except when they think they directly influence their interests of the moment. Indeed, as far as the condition of the money market is concerned, it cannot possibly be benefited by the discussion; for no action of Congress, which alone could interfere, can be speedy enough to affect the present stringency, and before the influence of any legislation can be felt the markets may have returned to the condition of ease and abundance which characterized them some months ago. But the interest of the general public is permanent, and requires that so important a subject as the long-continued hoarding off so much public money be thoroughly examined.

For the last five years the Treasury balance has rarely fallen below 100 millions, and has repeatedly exceeded 140 millions, the average probably being rather above than below 120 millions, the interest on which sum amounts to over seven millions of dollars per annum, and for the whole period would reach the large figure (at compound interest) of nearly forty millions of dollars. For a people suffering from excessive taxation, this sum is surely large enough to be well worth the enquiry whether the whole or any portion of it can be saved in future.

Of the balance of 125 millions of dollars, an average of twenty millions consists of coin deposits belonging to private individuals, on which the Treasury pays no interest; so that, as far as the annual cost to the country in interest is concerned, these might be omitted in the account. But the question at once arises, Why should the Treasury be burdened with the care, responsibility, and expense of taking charge of the money of private individuals? That it is an expense is evident from the simple fact that these deposits are incessantly, daily, almost hourly, changing, and that for each deposit new certificates are issued, the old ones being invariably cancelled. That it is a care and a very grave responsibility, such as no government should incur unnecessarily, is too palpable to need explanation. At the time when these deposits were first authorized, there was much to be said in their favor; they were a real boon to the community, and a convenience to the Treasury itself. But to-day, especially in view of the evident disposition of the country to return to specie payments at an early day, there is absolutely not one single reason for the continuance of the system that would not apply with greater force to the immediate substitution of greenbacks for every dollar of national bank-notes in existence. If there is to be any change in the Treasury system, these coin certificates should be one of the first things to be abolished, and the money of all individuals transferred to their own keeping, where it properly belongs.

The withdrawal of the deposits represented by these certificates would reduce the average Treasury balance to about 105 millions, on which sum alone the people lose the interest, and which alone is the sum that we have now to deal with. Why should the Treasury hold this enormous hoard, costing the people from six to seven millions per annum in interest? There are only two reasons that have ever been given. One is, that the Treasury requires a portion of this amount as a working balance; and the other, that the rest is held in anticipation of resumption. That the Treasury requires a certain amount as a working balance is no doubt true; but when the income of an institution like our Government exceeds its expenditures at the rate of a hundred millions or more per annum, and is estimated by the present Secretary to exceed them at least fifty millions even under the most unfavorable circumstances, it is evident that the working balance need not be a large one. Indeed, we have frequently seen this working balance fall to fifteen millions and below, without any inconvenience; and the best financial authorities are agreed that a sum of fifteen millions in currency, in the present condition of our revenues, would be ample for all practical purposes. On the 1st of December, Mr. Boutwell held nearly double this amount in currency, so that he certainly held nearly fifteen millions more than was necessary.

The gold balance, after deducting the private deposits just referred to, amounted to 81 millions of dollars. Of this amount over ten millions was due for interest which the owners had failed to collect, many persons being dilatory in presenting their coupons. It would seem that this is an amount which the Treasury should wisely have on hand always; yet the very fact that at all times, under all circumstances, a certain number of persons invariably fail to cash their interest until long after its maturity, shows that the holding of this amount is not by any means imperative. But let it, for prudence' sake, be considered necessary to have it on hand always. Beyond this amount, and the trifling sums required for our naval and diplomatic expenditures abroad, the Treasury has only its annual coin interest on the debt to provide for. The largest amount of interest maturing at any one time is now about 27 millions of dollars; so that, if the Secretary starts on January 1 with a coin balance of 27 millions, it is as absolutely certain as any human calculation can make it that he will be in receipt of coin income enough from month to month to meet his interest am-

ply as it matures. The coin receipts throughout the present year have exceeded the interest requirements fully fifty per cent., so that a corresponding reduction, due to a great commercial or financial crisis, might take place without in the least endangering the ability of the Treasury to meet its engagements promptly. But even a great commercial or financial crisis could scarcely, by any conceivable result, reduce our income in the proportion named. On the 1st of January next, the balance in the Treasury will have risen from 81 millions, as it stood December 1, to very near, if not over, 90 millions. If we deduct the 27 millions of interest then maturing, and the 10 millions of uncollected interest, together with 3 millions for national expenses abroad, in all, 40 millions, we make full allowance for all possible calls upon the Treasury, and yet find that it has a surplus of 50 millions of coin on hand beyond its wants.

These figures may seem unnecessary and tedious; but the loose opinions that prevail on all matters connected with our finances can only be met by a strict adherence to figures, and only by correcting the prevalent loose opinions can intelligent, practical action be obtained. We find, then, the condition of the Treasury cash balance to be, that the Secretary has on hand fifteen millions in currency and fifty millions in gold more than he has any practical use or occasion for; while he is, at the same time, paying six and seven per cent. interest on the money which the people owe. In other words, the people are annually taxed from four to five millions of dollars for the privilege of having a uselessly, unnecessarily, mischievously large 'balance in bank.' For the fifteen millions of currency held in this way, there can be no intelligible reason assigned. But the fifty millions of gold have been looked upon by the people as in some indefinite way connected with the resumption of specie payments. Let us examine.

Without now discussing the possible or probable methods of resumption, suffice it to say that no prudent financier would for one moment justify an attempt at resumption with only 50 millions in coin to meet 400 millions of outstanding paper. That we have no more than fifty millions to devote to the purpose is clear from what we have stated. It is also clear that the calculations daily paraded before us of the ease with which we could resume upon our present coin balance of 100 millions, lack nothing but a basis of fact. But many able financiers believe that with a coin balance of 100 millions, with a real balance of that amount *belonging to the Treasury*, resumption might be attempted with safety. Now, if the fifty millions of coin at present in the Treasury are to be used as a nucleus for the accumulation of the 100 millions or more necessary for resumption—well and good. But let it be understood that they are held for that purpose, and let the accumulation go on until completed! At present, the sole object which could excuse or justify the holding of this coin balance is entirely lost sight of, as the habitual sale of all the gold that comes into the Treasury above that amount renders accumulation impossible. If accumulation is the object, let us accumulate! If accumulation is not the object, then let the idle balance in the Treasury be disposed of, and the people be saved the enormous expense which it has heretofore involved. If this superfluous balance of fifty millions of coin could have been permanently disposed of five years ago, it would have produced almost enough by this time with compound interest to buy the whole sum of gold necessary for resumption. The apparent loss to the people by the hoarding of these fifty millions of coin for five years is not much less than fifty millions additional in currency. The continued hoarding of this amount, even to-day, involves a loss of nearly four millions per annum; and what certainty have we that five years from to-day we shall not be as far off from resumption as we are now? Unless this national waste is to continue indefinitely, it is absolutely necessary that the public should positively decide what to do in regard to resumption. Either fix an amount of coin hoards which, when reached, shall be the signal for resumption, and accumulate all surplus coin in the Treasury until that amount is reached; or else allow the present hoard to be disposed of, so that this utterly unnecessary annual loss may be avoided. The present system is mere helpless drifting, and very expensive drifting at that. It is time that the general public should understand that they are very directly interested in the question of resumption.

Notes.

THE publishers of the *Radical*, which was lately suspended, announce its revival next month, with a full list of its old contributors and new ones in addition. It will again be issued from Boston, beginning its eighth volume, at the price of three dollars a year. 'It will endeavor to represent, as heretofore, the thoughtful radical sentiment of the country on religious, social, scientific, and political questions.'

—We have of late, upon one or two occasions, alluded to the probability that one result of the great war now raging in Europe would be to place collections of books and works of art within the reach of English and American purchasers. It appears now that the Count de Gobineau offers for sale a valuable set of Persian manuscripts and of engraved stones; the latter containing over five hundred specimens, and illustrating the whole history of the art in Asia, from its very earliest beginnings down to modern times. Of the manuscripts there are about a hundred, all of exceptional value, either from their rarity or from the elegance of their workmanship and the splendor of their decoration. There is a full descriptive catalogue of them in existence; but it is not accessible until the Prussians shall have opened the gates of Paris. It is doubtful whether any American institution is in condition to make a bid for these unique collections; but there are many American gentlemen who could well enough procure them as a New Year's gift to some institution, and gain the eternal gratitude of the lovers of art and literature in our country. The Smithsonian Institution at Washington would put any such person in communication with the collector and present owner. M. Gobineau is celebrated both as literary man and as diplomatist, and his long residence in Persia as French Ambassador furnished the opportunity, as the preparation of his 'History of Persia' gave in part the occasion, of the collections. Upon these last, we should add, no fixed price has been set; they are open to competition.

—It may also interest some of our readers to learn that Mr. Frederick Muller, bookseller of Amsterdam, is in the possession of a collection of Hebrew and Jewish works, comprising about 2,800 volumes, which he intends to sell *en bloc*. Amongst these books are a large number of the greatest variety and highest importance. So far as we know, there is not a single public library in the United States, nor, we believe, a private library either—unless some Rabbi is the lucky owner of a thousand Hebrew volumes or more—in which the immensely rich post-biblical Hebrew literature has, to a respectable degree, found a place. The great Hebrew libraries of London and Oxford, of Leyden and Paris, of Berlin and Munich, of Vienna and Parma, have not the least parallel in America. Is not the present a fit opportunity to lay the foundation of a decent Hebrew library, by acquiring Mr. Muller's collection for this country? This is not the place to reproduce the whole catalogue. But in order to give an idea of what the collection contains, it may be proper to summarize somewhat, and to state that the *Hebraica* of this collection comprise: I. of Bibles and Parts of the Bible, with and without commentaries, 280 vols.; II. Commentaries and Versions of the Bible and Parts thereof, 760 vols.; III. Talmud, 115 vols.; IV. Commentaries of the Talmud, 200 vols.; V. Ritualism, 280 vols.; VI. Responses, 90 vols.; VII. Midrash, 25 vols.; VIII. Cabala, 80 vols.; IX. Sermons, 95 vols.; X. Liturgy, 150 vols.; XI. Philosophy and Ethics, 220 vols.; XII. Medicine, Astronomy, Geometry, etc., 30 vols.; XIII. Grammar, Dictionaries, Concordances, etc., 310 vols.; XIV. Geography, History, Biography, 225 vols.; XV. Belles-lettres, Criticisms, Periodicals, Literary History, Bibliography, 225 vols., etc., etc.

—The widespread fame of the late Rev. Albert Barnes, who died on the 23d of December in Philadelphia, is, above all his other works, due to his 'Notes on the Gospels,' of which upward of a million copies have been sold. They came as a relief from the pious dulness of Scott and even from the elaborate quaintness of Matthew Henry; there was a freshness of style, a fertility of illustration, a simplicity of statement, a candor of judgment, a pointedness of application, and a fervor of devotion, that threw a charm over the 'Notes' for the family and the Sunday-school, and even for the pulpit, in regions where libraries were scarce and small. The progress of Biblical criticism and of Oriental research has led the present generation far beyond the starting-point of Mr. Barnes: the results of German scholarship have been made accessible through English translations—notably through Clark's 'Foreign Theological Library'; and English scholarship has given us Alford, Conybeare and Howson, Eadie, Elliott, Henderson, Wordsworth, and the great Bible Dictionary of Smith, now amplified by

Dr. Hackett of Rochester and Mr. Abbot of Cambridge. But the popularity and usefulness of Mr. Barnes's 'Notes' are attested by their immense circulation in this country and in Great Britain, their translation into many foreign tongues, including the Welsh, and their steady sale in face of all competition. Indeed, these 'Notes' created a market for all that have come after them. Some of Mr. Barnes's later commentaries, as those on Isaiah, Job, Daniel, and Psalms, without deviating from his practical plan, have a more scholarly tone and a higher method of treatment, which will give them permanent value as books of reference. Others, especially the 'Notes on the Epistle to the Romans,' are a valuable contribution to the theological literature of the country, and are inseparably-connected with the history of polemics. It was these 'Notes' that gave color to the prosecution of Mr. Barnes for heresy before the Presbytery of Philadelphia, —a prosecution which resulted in his acquittal by that body, then his condemnation by the Synod of Philadelphia in 1835, and his suspension from the exercise of the functions of a Gospel minister, until he was restored upon his own appeal to the General Assembly at Pittsburgh. The acquittal of Mr. Barnes by that Assembly rankled in the minds of his opponents, and in 1837, finding themselves in an accidental majority, they excised by wholesale the Presbyteries and Synods supposed to be infected with the 'New School' Theology. The spirit of reunion is at present so strong in the Presbyterian Church, that justice will hardly be done to what Mr. Barnes achieved toward emancipating theology from the rigors of a necessarian philosophy, and bringing it again within the sphere of reason and free-will. The defects of Mr. Barnes's style are too obvious to call for animadversion: chief among them is the redundancy both of words and of illustration. This may be in part excused by his own statement that he wrote 'for the young and the uneducated'; but the same fault appears in his more elaborate treatises—his introduction to Butler's 'Analogy' and his 'Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity'—works which do the highest credit to his intellect as a Christian apologist. In the endeavor to be simple and emphatic, Mr. Barnes was unconsciously repetitious to a fault; and he wrote too easily and too much to prune his style or to condense his thoughts. He was ever in sympathy with humanity and progress: wrote ably against slavery, and used his pen freely in good causes. He published several volumes of sermons, a book of prayers, and essays and reviews upon a great variety of subjects. In character, he was a man of rare simplicity and of uniform kindness; and his quiet, instantaneous death, while on a visit of condolence to a friend, was in harmony with the serenity of his life and the dignity of his faith.

—In the death, last week, of Professor Cutler, of Harvard, American literature suffered a considerable loss. For though Mr. Cutler was not widely known, and though he had published but little, and though it would not be true to say that the little he published was of high excellence, it nevertheless gave to such as had knowledge of it, and had knowledge of our literature and its needs, sufficient proof that its author had claims to respect. It showed him to be a man with a sedulously cultivated taste, a mind well stored, possessed of some of the sterling gifts of the poet, as well as of more of the superficial and acquired graces, and possessed, too, of a literary conscience which, while sometimes it revealed itself as fastidiousness, yet made its owner always incapable of slovenly workmanship. These are not common qualities. If an examination of the two little volumes—one entitled 'War Poems' and the other entitled 'Stella'—which, unless we are mistaken, constitute Mr. Cutler's entire acknowledged contribution to literature, should be thought to give indications of less of strength and cheerfulness and hopefulness than is to be seen in those minds and spirits from which thoroughly valuable work may with any confidence be expected, it is at the same time to be remembered that for many years—and he died when not far past thirty—he had been in ill-health, and that not the quantity only of his work was, in consequence of his wearing illness, made small, but that its tone also was injuriously affected. Further, it is to be remembered that, to his unacknowledged work, consisting of criticisms written for several journals—the *New York Evening Post*, the *North American Review*, and the *Boston Advertiser* among others—Mr. Cutler brought both abilities and acquirements; and these are so rare among American critics that American criticism, speaking generally, may almost be said to be without knowledge and without sense. Still further, we have to regret in this loss the loss of a translation of the 'Iliad,' which, if we are to judge by some small specimens given in 'War Poems,' would have been worth having. Probably his best-known piece is that called 'Reveille,' which obtained its circulation in a rather curious way. It was written and published at some time during the early part of the late rebellion, and is expressive of patriotic

determination, and of the belief that the cause of the North was sacred, and would in virtue of its justice at last prevail. In the copy of 'War Poems' now before us we find a manuscript note in the author's hand, which is in these words: "'Reveille' was reprinted in the South during the war with such changes as made it serve the Confederate cause. It was afterwards reprinted in England as evincing the spirit which animated the Confederates.' We may here say of this poem, as of the author's other poems, that its chief merits are smoothness of versification, occasional happiness of phrase due to a clear perception of the thing to be expressed, and an absence of any but morally good sentiments. We should say, too, that a perusal of them will confirm the author's friends and acquaintances in the belief—of which it is necessary oftener than many of us think to give some kind of assurance, even to those who know most about us—that close beneath an exterior which may have seemed to promise something of cynicism there was an affectionate heart, perhaps a heart too dependent upon sympathy. Indeed, as for cynicism, it might doubtless be plausibly maintained that usually it is no more than armor of defense—as if the turtle's bonelessness were the reason of its shell. Mr. Cutler had long been sick with a spinal disease; and though it appeared likely that he would recover from his last prostrating attack, he himself, we believe, had little faith in the hopes held out to him, but felt a presentiment that he should never fill the chair to which he had been newly elected—that of Modern Languages. Doubtless there was in this something morbid and chargeable to the low spirits of continued illness. At all events, it was an unforeseen attack of erysipelas which at last ended his life. As an instructor, Professor Cutler was very successful in gaining the confidence of his pupils and interesting them in their studies.

—Apropos of the unlimited grant of condemned ordnance to Mr. Clark Mills for the casting of his remarkable equestrian statue of Gen. Rawlins, a correspondent sends us the annexed extract from the *N. Y. Evening Post* (apparently an issue of March, 1865). We presume the document to be authentic, and while Mr. Mills's sympathies with the late rebellion have nothing to do with his artistic capacity, they certainly seem repugnant to the work last committed to him—that of commemorating a conspicuous Federal officer. What Gen. Rawlins had done to merit this double infliction, we do not know:

The march of our troops through the insurgent States is making some singular disclosures. Here is the copy of a letter, for instance, found in the State House at Columbia, South Carolina, which our correspondent with General Sherman's army sends for our instruction. The original has been transmitted to the War Department:

WASHINGTON, December 7, 1861.

Hon. H. W. Gist, Governor:

'SIR: So deep is the interest which I feel in South Carolina, my adopted State, that under present circumstances I cannot refrain from offering to her my services in what I consider her need.

'I propose for her sake to lay aside my favorite art, and to engage in the manufacture of bronze cannon, and these to be of a quality, both in regard to material and effect, much superior to any now in use in the United States.

'I am not aware that there are in use now (with the exception, perhaps, of those belonging to the General Government) any cannon foundries in the South, and never while I live, for price or favor, will I aid in any manner to advance in the slightest degree the interests of the North.

'You will greatly oblige me by the favor of an early answer on the subject.

'Most truly and respectfully,

CLARK MILLS.'

This Mr. Clark Mills, who wrote this precious epistle, is, we believe, the sculptor who made the very bad statue of Jackson which now stands in one of the squares at Washington, and who since, if we mistake not, has been in the employ of the Government.

—Mr. William H. Whitmore, whose last work that we had the pleasure of noticing was 'The American Genealogist,' has just completed another valuable work, which will render much assistance to those engaged in genealogical researches. 'The Massachusetts Civil List, for the Colonial and Provincial Periods, 1630-1774: being a list of the names and dates of appointment of all the civil officers constituted by authority of the charters, or the local government' (Albany: Joel Munsell), is the full title. The List is preceded by an account of the various modes of electing the charter officers during the colonial period, 1629-1686, and is supplemented throughout by historical notes, which add materially to its usefulness. The compiler in his preface hints at some of the topics suggested by a study of the List, but confines himself to stating one general conclusion—viz., 'that, prior to the Revolution, the offices, if not the controlling power, were in the hands of a few families; and other investigations will show these families to have been closely allied by marriages. From this state of affairs the Revolution rescued us; the reader will doubtless form

his own opinion as to the influence the presence of such an oligarchy had in causing that event.' Some idea may be had of the patience necessary for Mr. Whitmore's task by considering that the index (the least part of it) contains some 1,200 names, which are found scattered among 150 pages.

—We lately, as our readers will remember, asked for some information as to the nature and value of the examinations instituted by Mr. Boutwell in his department. All we have received up to this date has been copies of two of the papers of questions for candidates; but these, as we pointed out, amounted to no more than the examiners chose to make of them. Meantime, we have been favored with a fragment of a note addressed by a customs employee to a gentleman of this city. As nearly as we can decipher it and represent it with types, it reads as follows:

Dec 1 1870.

—i Did Not For got yu Note as i Had No Money But as Sune as i get Som i Will giv yu all or iff i Cant giv yu all i Will give you as Much as i Can at Wounce Soe Dont Think That i Hav Fo got yu.

—The new 'Atlantic Almanac,' like its two or three predecessors, and unlike most almanacs, contains some things designed for a class of purchasers quite different from those of whom it may be said that they read nothing except what the almanac beguiles them into spelling through. It might perhaps be doubted if this latter class does not include pretty much all readers for whom the wise man should undertake to produce almanacs. Certainly it is true that the almanac-maker, as known to history, has never seen fit to set himself any very difficult task of literary beguilement. The wood-cut which refers the signs of the zodiac to the nobler and ignobler viscera, the limbs and other members of the human body; the list of church feasts and fasts; the table of the hours of high and low tides; the golden number and the dominical letter; the days of the week upon which fall the days of the month; the hours of sunrise and sunset, and moonrise and moonset; the total eclipses and partial eclipses; the days which are anniversaries of old battles with the British—these and similar matters it will not be found that the typical almanac ever mingles with anything nearer to literature than the exhortation to the farmer to mend his fences in the idle winter months; or the new-fangled recipe which the farmer's ambitious daughter may try; or the recommendations of patent apple-peelers and clothes-wringers which the pedlar will bring to the door in the summer when 'the going is good'; or the rebuses and sums in the Rule of Three which the boys may work out in the winter evenings; or the aged jokes of which the farmer's father has pleasant recollection; or the tables of state and county majorities in the last election. So far as experience teaches, the chances would seem to be all in favor of the unliterary almanacs, of the conservative *ephemerides*, of the 'biblia biblia,' as Lamb calls them, which, faithful to tradition, pretend to nothing of literary consideration, and offer themselves as little more than substitutes for the notched sticks and chalk-marks of the times before Faust and Gutenberg. Of late years, however, another opinion has possessed the astrologers and astronomers, and our calendars have brought us pictures and learning, and wit and poetry, as well as chronology. In pictures, the 'Atlantic Almanac' for 1871 abounds. Perhaps it abounds to superabundance, the pictures but seldom having reference to the times of the year, and being of the kind which is not for eternity either. All of them, we believe, are from *Every Saturday*, and it is somewhat puzzling to guess what was the principle of selection which governed the choice of the editor. He had at command the *Every Saturday* pictures, designed by Gavarni, pleasantly illustrative of the various months, but these he rejected, and in their place gives his readers 'Tenyson's New House,' 'The Prince Imperial,' 'The Cuban Girl,' 'The Old Bird-Tamer,' and others not more closely connected than these with meteorological record, and prognostication, and the lapse of seasons. Of literature, this 'Atlantic Almanac' offers less than that of last year or that of the year before. 'Dust; or, Ugliness Redeemed,' is a 'prose poem' of the kind which Mr. Dickens was fond of producing in the latter part of his life, when his humanitarianism and his lyrical tendencies had definitively got the better of his high spirits, and, without destroying them, had subdued and alloyed his love of humorous caricature, and his early habit of making his sketches and stories the expression of his marvellous power of observation—when, in short, he was subjective and poetical rather than objective and fun-making. 'The Beau Miser,' by Leigh Hunt, and 'Saturday Night,' by Charles Lamb, are essays of no particular merit, but interesting by reason of their authorship, which have recently been unearthed by Mr. J. E. Babson, an enthusiastic admirer of Lamb, and a warm admirer of Hunt, to whom the other admirers of those writers are perhaps under a greater degree of obligation than would be felt by the authors themselves if they were alive to witness this 'resurrecting' of a portion of

their 'mortal part.' To have one's very bones and shreds of skin hunted up and preserved is, however, one of the penalties of being a literary immortal. To the strictly calendar portion of the new 'Atlantic Almanac' much attention has been paid, and the book is very well worth having. There are, besides, tables of foreign money, with statements of equivalent values in our own currency; of postal regulations; of reigning sovereigns; of stamp duties; of metrical weights and measures; of members of the House, Senate, and Cabinet; of members of the various State Governments; and of notable events at home and abroad occurring between the 1st of last January and the 1st of October. Necessarily the lists of Senators and Representatives do not hold good for the Forty-second Congress.

—We have received from Shanghai a literary curiosity in the shape of a pamphlet, translated from the Chinese by the missionaries at Tuenchow, and entitled: "Death-Blow to Corrupt Doctrines: A Plain Statement of Facts. Published by the Gentry and People." It may be characterized in brief as a villanously artful attempt to slander the Christian religion and cast odium on its professors and missionaries in China, and probably to incite the ignorant natives to violence against them. In fact, the book is more than suspected of having been a principal occasion of the Tientsin massacre, and the translators assert that it has been assiduously circulated by the mandarins 'in three districts and two departmental cities,' and, they have reason to believe, 'extensively distributed throughout the north of China.' In one case 'it is currently reported that copies were given by the magistrate to the petty local officers, with orders to pass them round for the school teachers and principal men of the villages to read, and then to return them to the yamen, taking care that none should fall into the hands of the Christians.' Other evidence of the high authorship of the work is found in the 'first-class literary abilities' of the compiler, who besides 'has had extensive facilities for consulting public documents and for ransacking all that has ever been written in China against foreigners and Christianity.'

—We shall not disgust our readers with extracts from the filthy farrago called 'A Collection of Facts respecting the False Religion of Tien chiu.' It is enough to say that the worst licentiousness which we associate with the Chinese character is here brought forward, in passages from many native authors, as the essence of the Christian religion, both Catholic and Protestant, making a series of obscene anecdotes in which the force of lying could no further go, and which only too well reflect the degraded intellect which devised them. In like manner, the mutilations of the human body which make Chinese annals so sickening, and which the mob at Tientsin charged upon the Catholic missionaries, are attributed to Christian rites, as, for instance, scooping out the eyes of the dead. This is said, on p. 53, to be done 'while the man still breathes,' and at the same time his heart is cut out, 'to be used secretly in the manufacture of counterfeit foreign silver.' On p. 15, it is noted that only Chinese eyes are of any value for this purpose—a reason, of course, for making converts among the natives—and that by compounding them with 100 pounds of Chinese lead eight pounds are converted into silver, and the remainder 'can be sold at the original cost.' The method by which this silver is obtained has never been discovered by any of the native Christians during the long period in which this religion has been propagated here.

—Bad as it is, however, no one, we think, who ought to read the 'Death-Blow' can do so without instruction. We do not mean simply the light it throws on the animus of the literary class in China and on the question of foreign relations with the Empire—though this much is clear to us, that such atrocious lying can only be corrected by a freer intercourse between the Chinese and other people, either on their own soil or elsewhere. We allude to the comparative study of mankind, and of the civilization of the Flowery Kingdom with that of Europe, both in past ages and at the present time. The passage we have cited about the manufacture of silver is easily matched in the history of Western alchemy, while like superstitions in medicine are still vigorous in many parts of Europe. This sentence, too, might without difficulty be paralleled in the same quarter: 'Many would fain have us believe that these foreigners have searched out the principles of astronomy in the most thorough manner; yet when we see them fix upon four elements [fire, air, water, and earth] and ignore the five planets, we may know that their knowledge of astronomy is not thorough.' If printing could once be a black art in Europe, the daguerreotype may well seem supernatural in China. So, when Hsü Yung-fu 'joined the [Christian] sect and learned the art of taking likenesses,' no wonder that 'subsequently, the greater part of the persons whose likenesses Hsü had taken sickened and died, and it was evident to all that his

art was destructive to the constitution.' And have not these words of the Emperor the true Papal ring? 'With respect to heterodox books not in accordance with the teachings of the sages, and those tending to excite and disturb the people, to give rise to difficulties and irregularities, and to undermine the foundations of all things—all such teach corrupt and dangerous doctrines, which must be suppressed and exterminated.' Here, finally, is the very voice of the *World* or the *Herald* dissuading the mob from violence: 'Although you are not permitted to seize the battle axe and sword for vengeance, you can destroy them by the power of your mouths and tongues.' There follow abolition riots, draft riots, and Tientsin massacres.

—Whatever at any time has been Russia's European policy, she has so conducted herself as steadily and almost unnoticed to annex large portions of Central Asia. The Anglo-Indian press has kept the world pretty well informed as to her acts (her intentions form a standing puzzle to most writers), so far as they affect the British possessions in Hindostan. But no remark has been excited by her successful attempts to filch from her most easterly neighbor on the Asiatic continent slice after slice of territory. The Russian frontier has been 'rectified' Chinawards no less than three times since the commencement of hostilities at Canton in 1859. During 1863, a confidential agent of the Government travelled extensively through the western provinces bordering on Thibet, and made himself minutely acquainted with the resources, productions, climate, etc., of the country, and with the temper of the inhabitants. It is asserted that a considerable amount of money was spent in securing secret agents (native), whose business it is to make the Russian name familiar to their countrymen, and to tell them of her greatness and the impossibility of successfully resisting her should she ever assume the offensive. A few months ago, a mercantile firm in St. Petersburg applied to the Government for aid in discovering and establishing a direct route from Nertchinsk to Peking, or, more strictly, to Tientsin, and this aid was readily given. Hitherto all trade had been conducted *via* Kalgan, a border town between China and Mongolia, and Kiachta, a Russian city in Southern Siberia, upon the confines of the desert of Gobi. To save time, the new route was suggested, and, a St. Petersburg letter informs us, has been successfully followed out. Fortunately for China proper, the desert of Gobi protects from annexation a large proportion of the northern boundary. But there is a goodly strip of Manchooria yet remaining, and Russia may desire to have it. The additional coast-line would immensely increase her naval resources for offensive purposes. If she persists in this system of quiet annexation, we may hear of another 'Eastern question' before very long. With a few more good ports on the Asiatic coast under her flag, Russia could destroy the China carrying-trade of England and Germany in a few weeks.

—This month there appears in England the first number of the *Rugby Review and Magazine*, which, it is expected, will be sustained by the writing of present or former masters and old pupils of Rugby School. As it will 'deal comprehensively with current topics and events,' it is clear that this magazine does not belong to the class of gymnasial periodicals which, in Germany, are at once an aid and an honor to the teacher's profession. It identifies itself with Rugby chiefly for the sake of a well defined and intellectually-associated corps of contributors, and, while critical as well as political, will not, we infer, confine itself to the reviewing of text-books and methods of instruction. Announcement is also made of the early publication of a shilling monthly, the *Woodbury Gallery of Nature and Art*, to be regularly illustrated with three specimens of the Woodbury process, which, it will be remembered, is a printing in ink from a metal plate, obtained from a photographic image, in relief, on gelatine. This makes, if we mistake not, the third art journal employing autotype illustrations in England alone.

—An enterprise with which the late Charles Dickens was prominently connected—if, indeed, he is not to be considered the originator of it—has recently followed him to the grave. The Guild of Literature and Art, designed to rival the Royal Literary Fund, and to be a sort of insurance company for authors, furnishing them a home when needy or aged, and only requiring of them some nominal return—such as lecturing three times a year, etc.—is no more. It received the enthusiastic support of Mr. Dickens's friends, who raised money for it in all sorts of ways, Lord Lytton giving the land on which to build the houses of refuge, which were actually put up, and well adapted for the end in view. Unlike the trades-unions, however, which err in confounding good workmen and bad, the Guild of necessity called public attention to the distinction between successful and unsuccessful authors, which did not save the former from the appearance of

patronage, nor the latter from the humiliation of receiving charity. As a result, no one was found to confess himself a poor author, and the houses went tenantless. They are now to be sold, and with them will disappear the last vestige of the Guild, except the newspaper reports of the speeches made, during the last fifteen years, to prove the uselessness of the Royal Literary Fund, the noble aims of the Guild, and the fine prospects which have now ended in smoke.

PALMERSTON.*

If ever a man had his good things in this life, and plenty of them, and just the kind of good things he liked best, it was the late Lord Palmerston. We have not a word to say against this way of having one's good things. Quite otherwise. It is a most excellent way of having them, and we should not have the least objection to having our own, if any, dispensed unto us in like manner. Nor would we be understood as implying that our subject is now lifting up his eyes in torments as a set-off against the satisfactions they discounted to him in advance on this side the grave. We claim no prevision of what is written in the doomsday book of eternity such as was vouchsafed to those holy seers who were thus enabled to pronounce upon the everlasting destiny of Charles Dickens. It is not likely that the hard-working, pleasure-loving man of the world would fare better at their judgment seat than the wise-hearted, kindly, beneficent novelist. But we cannot help thinking it possible that it may be found at last that both of these publicans went up to the house appointed for all living, justified rather than their pharisaic censors. However, be all this as it may, there can be no question that, as far as this world was concerned, Lord Palmerston had a life of as unmixed prosperity as has often fallen to the lot of man. Length of days, unbroken health, uninterrupted success in affairs, constant occupation such as he liked best, family affection and domestic happiness, made up a life the only melancholy circumstance about which, as far as we can judge, was that it had to come to an end at last. The inevitable catastrophe of death cast the only shadow that the outside world at least could discern upon the sunshine of his long day. But these two volumes stop short by a quarter of a century of that conclusion of the whole matter which, we dare say, we shall find that he met as courageously and jauntily as he did the various events of his life.

Though Lord Palmerston was an Irish viscount, he came of good English blood. He was the great-grandnephew of Sir William Temple, famous two hundred years ago as a diplomatist, whose works in formidable folios used to stand on the lower shelf of every gentleman's library, and who would, doubtless, have been surprised that his chief claim on modern memory would be through his kindness to his awkward young secretary, Jonathan Swift, whom King William, of glorious and immortal memory, once taught how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way, while attending his majesty in the gardens of Moor Park. Lord Palmerston's good luck began even before his birth, for he sprang from a love-match between his father and the beautiful and clever daughter of a Dublin tradesman, into whose house he was carried in consequence of an accident. His father was a man of wit as well as pleasure about town, and a lover and patron of the arts. His principal distinction, however, Sir Henry Bulwer forgets to mention, to wit, that he was a member of Johnson's Literary Club, warmly supported at his election by the great Doctor, as appears by a letter of his to Boswell. Sir Henry devotes but three or four pages to the boyhood and youth of young Temple, and does not much more than indicate the course of his education. From Harrow he went to Edinburgh, where he lived with Dugald Stewart for three years, and was so diligent a scholar of that philosopher that when Sir William Hamilton undertook to print Stewart's extensive lectures on Economical Science, he found the notes of young Temple the most complete for his purpose. In 1802 he succeeded his father in the title, and, the next year, went to St. John's College, Cambridge. Of his life there Sir Henry gives no particulars whatever, and it is from his own autobiographic sketch that we learn that he took the honorary degree of Master of Arts—so-called to distinguish it, as some *grondeur* once said, from an *honorable* one—then given to noblemen without examination, in 1806. He was then barely of age, yet he greatly dared to contest the University election in that year, and was handsomely beaten by Lord Henry Petty, afterwards the Marquis of Lansdowne. The next year, when Parliament was dissolved on the fall of the Grenville ministry, he attempted the University again, and then came within four votes of an election. But those were the good old days of rotten boroughs, and a clever young lord seldom had to stay out of Parlia-

* The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, etc., by the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

ment for want of a seat. So Sir Leonard Holmes brought him in for his borough of Newtown, in the Isle of Wight, on condition, however, that he should never so much as set foot in the place, lest he might disturb the allegiance of his voters to their owner.

Thus Lord Palmerston was introduced upon the arena in the conflicts of which he took part for all but sixty years. In 1810, he was elected by the University of Cambridge, and continued to represent it for twenty-one years, when his support of the Reform Bill ejected him; and, after sitting for Blechingly and South Hants successively, he settled down as member for Tiverton in 1835 for the rest of his life. Of course, no justice can be done to a career like his in the narrow room of our columns. Its main points can only be indicated. On his first entering Parliament he was made a Junior Lord of the Admiralty by the Duke of Portland, being then twenty-three. Two years later, in 1809, being then twenty-five, he received the brilliant offer of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer from Mr. Perceval, which he had the wise prudence to decline, taking instead the Secretaryship at War. This was a subordinate office, since abolished, which did not give the holder of it necessarily a seat in the Cabinet, as the Secretaryship for War did. It was charged with the superintendence of military disbursements and the settlement of military accounts. This office Lord Palmerston held for nineteen years under Mr. Perceval, Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, and the Duke of Wellington, till May, 1828, when he resigned with the other friends of Mr. Canning, on the quarrel of the Duke with Mr. Huskisson. This last-named gentleman was an 'awful example' to all office-holders to warn them never to resign unless they are in earnest. On the question of the disposition of the franchise forfeited by two rotten boroughs, Mr. Huskisson voted against the Duke, and then placed his resignation in his grace's hands, in the faith that it would not be received. But the Duke wished to be rid of him for sundry reasons, and at once laid it before the King and had it accepted, in spite of the elaborate and not too dignified explanations of the ousted minister. Lord Palmerston, after this, remained out of office for two years and a half, until Lord Grey succeeded the Duke, and the revolution of the Reform Bill set in. The twenty-one years of Lord Palmerston's subordinate official positions of Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary at War were most important ones in the foreign and domestic history of England. They included the most brilliant period of Bonaparte's career and his downfall, the dreadful years of distress following the peace of 1815, the disturbances in the manufacturing districts and in London, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and Catholic Emancipation. Lord Palmerston was faithful and laborious in his office, into which he introduced some important reforms. He uniformly supported Liberal measures, and opposed the violent and unconstitutional measures of the Tory administration of which he was a subordinate.

When the Duke was striving to prop up his tottering administration, shaken to its foundation by the Revolution of July, he tried to obtain the help of Lord Palmerston. Huskisson was just dead, almost the first victim of a railway accident, and his personal grievance had died with him. But Lord Palmerston would not come into the arrangement without his Canningite friends, with the addition of Lords Grey and Lansdowne. After the accession of Lord Grey he was made Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which he held, with the exception of Sir Robert Peel's short intercalated ministry, until the Melbourne administration finally gave way to that statesman in the summer of 1841, at which point the second volume of this work ends. During the period of his Foreign Secretaryship, Lord Palmerston was the object of the bitterest attacks of the Tory writers. The Canning tail had incorporated themselves with the Whigs for good, and they had crowned their iniquitous relief of the Dissenters and the Catholics by voting for the Reform Bill. Those of our readers whose memory runs back forty years may yet recall the malignant wit with which he was pursued by Theodore Hook in the columns of the *John Bull*, how he was laughed at as 'Cupid,' and abused as 'Lord Protocol,' and excellent fun made of him as 'Lord Pammicestone' by that model British matron, Mrs. Ramsbottom, in her cacographic epistles from Margate. The solemn Sir Henry Bulwer, however, passes all these things over in decorous silence, though he indicates the kind of hawk-and-buzzard position of his hero—between the Tories who hated him, and the Whigs who did not love him, and the Radicals who loved him still less. Still, he attended diligently to his business, and his work in those difficult years was well done. The erection of Belgium into a kingdom, the intrigues of Louis Philippe for an extension of French territory towards the Rhine, the miserable wars of succession in Spain and Portugal, the establishment of the kingdom of Greece, the settlement of the Eastern question by the subordination of

Mehemet Ali, as Pacha of Egypt, to the Sultan, all came within the period of his secretaryship. His diplomacy was informed by the principle of straightforwardness and truth, which he held to be the best method for carrying on the business of nations as of individuals, and they answered his purpose well; for he maintained the influence and dignity of England in her relations with the Continent without any general war, and with very little bloodshed for which he was responsible. He was so absorbed in his business that he scarcely mentions the tremendous conflict over the Reform Bill in his letters to his brother. During that stormy period he seems to have had his mind fuller of his efforts to baffle the schemes of the Citizen-king—whom he denounced later as 'a man in whom no trust whatever can be reposed'—than in the great revolution going on at home. Of course, it was only *seeming*.

Sir Henry Bulwer is not a good biographer. Indeed, he is not a biographer at all; and for an odd reason—he stands too much in awe of his hero, and fails in his duty towards him from the very excess of his reverence and gratitude. He apologizes more than once for the refreshing glimpses he gives us of Lord Palmerston's private life. He should apologize for not giving us more of them. Now and then we get a sight of him on the race course, or in the hunting field, in his shooting jacket among the pheasants, at Almack's, or at the dinner-table. But it is a glimpse only through the crack of the door, which his careful attendant shuts in our faces as soon as possible. Still we are obliged to Sir Henry for what he has given us. He has made up his book mainly of Lord Palmerston's letters to his brother, Sir William Temple, who died before him, and who was in foreign diplomatic service for the chief of his life. These letters are largely filled with the writer's occupations as a minister and his opinions on public affairs—mainly on foreign affairs. But they, together with two or three to his sister, give one the impression of an amiable and affectionate heart. The letters which describe what he did for his Irish tenantry, and for the improvement at once of their condition and of his estates, show him to have been a man of intelligent humanity and large practical wisdom. Sir Henry's work will be of service to the biography of Lord Palmerston yet to be written, and an entertaining book it will be when time enough shall have elapsed to make all amusing revelations possible. It will not describe the life of a great man intellectually, nor of the highest moral tone of character, but of a man of strong sense, excellent talents, indefatigable industry, as devoted to pleasure as to business. The men with whom he was associated in public affairs for the first twenty years were his inferiors in ability. Those wars of the giants were directed by pigmies. Canning was the only great man of that connection during those years, and he was mostly in the background and under the 'cold shade of the aristocracy,' and his brief day of power soon closed in night. The claim of the Duke of Wellington to greatness will hardly be disputed now, though Lord Melbourne is here recorded as having said that 'he did not happen to think him a great man'; but he was not a great minister. Lord Grey certainly stood in the first rank as a statesman and orator. But, officially or in society, Lord Palmerston knew every man eminent for genius or rank in politics or literature, every woman famous for beauty or talent or fashion. He must have had a childish recollection of the beginning of the French Revolution, and he lived to see the end of our Rebellion. When his 'Life and Times' comes to be written, and well written, though there may have been lives more instructive and edifying, it is safe to say that there was never one more entertaining.

GOETHE'S CONVERSATIONS WITH FRIEDRICH VON MÜLLER.*

THOSE who are already familiar with Eckermann's 'Conversations with Goethe' will gladly welcome this work, which not only supplements Eckermann for the years 1822-32, but also contains reports from as early a date as 1814. But, notwithstanding the fact that von Müller's book covers a longer time, it is the briefer of the two. The author was Chancellor of the Grand-Duchy of Weimar, and, from Goethe's appointment of him as one of the executors of his will, we can see that he stood high in the poet's estimation. He was a man of marked intelligence, and seems to have been far less oppressed by the greatness of Goethe than was Eckermann, who attached himself so devotedly to the object of his admiration. Goethe is here looked at with a cooler and more critical eye than that of Eckermann; he is met by a man more nearly his equal, and one not afraid to give us frequent reports of the poet's moodiness and variability of temper. Thus, in regard to his first meeting with Goethe, in 1801, von Müller says: 'Goethe speaks very quietly and calmly—rather like a cautious,

* 'Goethe's Unterhaltungen mit dem Kanzler Friedrich von Müller.' Stuttgart, 1870.

shrewd tradesman.' Later, we find frequent mention of his moodiness and cynicism, and occasional outbursts of irritability which are almost Johnsonian. For instance, on p. 88, Müller writes: 'I mentioned that some writer had said, "Humor is nothing else than the wit of the heart." Goethe became extremely angry (*ergrimmete sich auf's Heftigste*) at the phrase "nothing else than." He cried out, "So Cicero once said, 'Friendship is "nothing else than."'" Oh! you ass, narrow-minded fellow, irredeemable boor, who ran to Greece to get wisdom, and brought back nothing better than that meaningless phrase, 'nothing else than.' Wit of the heart, forsooth! I don't know what the heart is, but yet must ascribe wit to it," etc. On this day, however, it is to be remembered that the 'highly groomed' Goethe was 'sitting in his shirt sleeves, drinking.' Not always was he Olympian.

At other times we find recorded remarks, by the great critic and poet, which are characteristically full of insight and wisdom. Thus: 'Every one should strive to acquire some one good habit, for his pleasure in cheerful days and for consolation in time of trouble. Let him accustom himself, for example, to read daily in the Bible, or in Homer, or to look at medals, or good pictures, or to hear good music. But it must be something excellent—of real merit—to which he accustoms himself, in order that he may preserve his respect for it.' Or thus: 'I must confess I should not know what to do with eternal bliss if it did not offer me new problems and difficulties to be mastered. But that is probably well provided for; we need only look at the planets and suns—nuts enough for us to crack there.' Of Byron's death he said, that 'it took place at exactly the right time. His Greek undertaking had something false about it, and could never have ended happily. It is a misfortune that such imaginative natures should wish to carry out their ideal in their life. They can never succeed: the ideal and the real must be kept far apart.'

Talking one day in October, 1823, he remarked that at Marienbad he had heard no authors spoken of except Byron and Walter Scott. 'But Scott's charm,' said he, 'is due to the superiority of the three kingdoms of Great Britain, and the inexhaustible variety of their history; whereas, in Germany there is no fertile field for the romancer between the Thuringian forest and the sand plains of Mecklenburg, so that I was obliged to use the most worthless material imaginable in "Wilhelm Meister"—such as strolling actors and wretched country nobility—simply to bring some life into my picture"—a strange enough remark, when one reminds himself that Scott was at his very best when he was depicting 'wretched country' lairds and city magistrates, and that Goethe lived in the Germany of 'Goetz von Berlichingen' and had seen the Italy of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. On the same occasion, he said: 'Old friends should not meet.' He says, in another place, 'They do not understand one another. Each has learned a new language. Whoever is interested in his own culture should especially avoid this, for the inevitable misunderstanding can only work upon us unfavorably, and destroy the image of the former relations.'

And here, again, is a semi-cynical prudence: 'Were I, to my misfortune, obliged to be in the opposition, I would excite uproar and revolution rather than occupy myself continually with eternal abuse of those in authority. I have never in my life desired to place myself against the irresistible stream of the multitude or of the ruling principle. I have rather withdrawn into my shell, and lived there after my own fashion.' And here is a bit of practical wisdom which has about it something of what will seem to some people a cruel prudence: 'What difference does it make if a few couples fight and embitter one another's lives, as long as the common idea of the sanctity of marriage is maintained? They would only suffer other troubles if they were rid of these.'

These extracts, which are taken almost at random, will serve to show the character of the book. It is a valuable addition to what we know of Goethe, and as such—as light upon the figure of a great man, to say nothing of the wisdom and wit which it brings within view—it is well worth attention. We may add, for the information of the curious and puzzled reader, that 'the young American, from Boston, named Boxwell,' who is mentioned under date of May 10, 1819, is Doctor Cogswell, formerly librarian of the Astor Library, in New York.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE READ.*

THERE is a real satisfaction, in reading history, in making the acquaintance of a class of men who have no claim whatever to genius, and whose names are hardly known to the world at large, and yet who, by good

sense, fidelity, and thorough competency to the work they undertook, have made a mark in their own generation, and made the world better for their having lived in it. George Read, of Delaware, appears to have been a man of this stamp. One has a vague recollection of seeing his name appended to the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution, and that is all; but when one follows his career through these eventful years, the positions of honor and trust that he held—member of State Assembly, National Congress, and Constitutional Convention of both State and nation, chief magistrate of his native State, United States Judge, United States Senator, and, finally, Chief Justice of Delaware—it is plain that he was a man of mark; one of those who modestly and noiselessly do the best work in their power, and whom the world would less willingly spare than many of more fame and brilliancy. In all this varied and useful career, we find hardly a striking act or word of his; and yet we have received real pleasure from the contemplation of a character so marked by earnestness, faithfulness, and sound judgment.

George Read would seem to have been, on the whole, the leading man in Delaware during the period of the Revolution and the years that followed. His life, therefore, written by his grandson, is very properly made the centre of a history of Delaware and account of her leading men during this period. Without this, indeed, the book would have been but a slender one, there is really so little to be said of the man himself. Even the correspondence quoted in the volume consists more of letters to Mr. Read than of letters from him. This is no loss to the interest of the reader; his quiet, almost commonplace style of letter-writing is far less readable than that of more vehement characters like Dickinson and McKean. But, interesting as many of these letters are, we have derived more satisfaction, on the whole, from the numerous biographical sketches of contemporary characters. This work the editor has done excellently, as a labor of love; and these alone would entitle the volume to the notice of students of Revolutionary history, and, in especial, of all citizens of Delaware. We will mention particularly the lives of Gen. William Thompson, Cæsar Augustus Rodney, and Thomas McKean.

However much we enjoy digressions and addenda of this sort, there is a good deal of quite irrelevant matter which we must set down as 'padding.' Of this sort are the author's opinions on all sorts of subjects, as lotteries, cremation of the dead, and the French Revolution, which are frequently judicious and well put, but which have no place in this work. So with the current history, which is given a good deal more fully than is any way desirable. Much of it may be assumed to be already familiar to readers; much of it—as the account of the expedition to Canada in 1775 and of the revolt in St. Domingo—has only the most remote connection with the life of Mr. Read. On the other hand, there is a lack of definiteness and continuousness in the history which does really belong here, and which one would be glad to have given more fully than it is. The peculiar relation existing between Pennsylvania and Delaware, which permitted Delaware to be represented in Congress by Pennsylvania citizens (on account of the convenience of residence), and gave the two States a common President, McKean, just as had been the case when they were proprietary colonies belonging to one proprietor, is a case in point. We should have liked, too, a fuller account of the state of parties in Delaware, and the internal history of the province during the Revolution. For this we should gladly have spared the account of the causes which led to the Revolution, its campaigns, and the general political history afterwards.

We have said that there is little that is striking in Mr. Read's words or acts; one gets a better impression of the reputation of the man, and the confidence that his associates had in his judgment and efficiency, from what they say to him than from what he says himself. We find, in 1777, two letters which illustrate this excellently well. Mr. James Sykes, who had just been appointed delegate of Delaware in Congress, finds himself, to his horror, sole representative of that State, his two colleagues, Messrs. Reade and Van Dyke, being necessarily detained. He writes in an almost comical state of distress to Mr. Read, showing how helpless he is from his lack of presence of mind and speaking power. He says of a measure, passed touching the interests of Delaware: 'Though I utterly disapproved the measure, . . . I could not open my mouth in objection.' And as to part of his duties: "I am totally unfit for it, and miserable in consequence." Shortly after, Chief Justice Killen writes to Mr. Read to ask help in some difficult and perplexing cases in the disaffected portion of the State: 'This new task is really too arduous for me. In essaying to execute it, I find both a want of knowledge and firmness of mind—the latter most.' All seem to have turned instinctively to George Read as the best source to look for counsel and aid.

* Life and Correspondence of George Read, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, with Notices of some of his Contemporaries. By his grandson, William Thompson Read. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870. 8vo, pp. 575.

We will close with a short extract from the account of the Battle of Brandywine, which gives a vivid and entertaining picture (p. 271):

'As the British advanced toward Birmingham Meeting-house, they were surprised and amused by a number of Quakers mingling and moving forward with them. The spectacle was magnificent—a great body of disciplined troops marching in military order, the scarlet uniforms, and muskets and bayonets, bright as silver, gleaming in the sun, which shone unclouded. It had a fascination for these simple rustics, who followed on, all fear swallowed up by curiosity, till the battle began, about four o'clock P.M. They were surprised by the smooth and white skins of the British officers, mostly short and portly men, neat and clean, and elegantly attired, in strong contrast to the dingy uniforms and gaunt forms of the Americans, who had passed the preceding winter under privations and discomforts to which ordinary patriotism and fortitude would have succumbed, while their enemies were housed, warmly clad, and well fed. They came upon a group of mounted officers, flashing in scarlet and gold; one of these is prominent, evidently a general, of large body, on a stately charger, but reduced in flesh [qu. the charger?], his features coarse and large, and his mouth fallen in from loss of teeth; it was Sir William Howe. The fields before them were red with the British regiments moving rapidly forward, and covered with the knapsacks and blankets of which they had disencumbered themselves.'

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

THE *Atlantic* contains the full January allowance of articles by well-known writers—Mr. Longfellow, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Whittier, Senator Wilson, Mr. Howells, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Colonel Higginson, Major De Forest, and Mr. James T. Fields, being among the number. Mr. Fields's article is the first of what promises to be a very interesting series; and it marks his reentrance into the active circles of literature, and his abandonment of the active circles of business—except so far as the work of editing the *Atlantic* and taking counsel with his former partners may still bind him to business work. Years ago—perhaps twenty odd—when he was new at the business of bookselling, which has made his name so well known in most places where English is spoken, he was the author of a small volume of poems, some of which were successful in striking the popular fancy, and one of which is, we suppose, still remembered by most New Englanders who used to read out of Reading Books, or 'speak pieces' out of 'Speakers' in the district schools of almost a quarter of a century ago. We, at any rate, can recollect the certainty with which once in so often, as 'declamation day' came round—that most remarkable of days to succeed in existing in New England—the story used to be told of Jonathan Marden, the skipper, and the casting of the lead. The companion pieces in the volume we do not recollect, but whatever they were they were not such—and their success, we may suppose, was not such—as to induce Mr. Field to prosecute the pursuit of literary distinction, and, so far as the public is informed, he has of late years had nothing more direct to do with literature than some such work as the collecting for publication and for the submission to his firm's imprint the scattered papers of De Quincy or of Thackeray, and the practice of friendly and free intimate communication with celebrated authors, whom the just and liberal policy of his house—long exceptionally just and liberal among American publishing houses—had disposed to regard him or any representative of the firm with great good-will. The preserved records of this honorable intimacy will constitute various instalments of a set of serial essays, to be called 'Our Whispering Gallery,' which Mr. Fields now begins to contribute to the *Atlantic*, and, judging by this instalment, which contains reminiscences of Thackeray, there will be nothing in our magazine literature of the coming year which will at all equal these recollections. In such things, the manner of relation is nothing, or next to nothing; and what the reader wants is as much as possible, as directly told as possible, of the man who is talked about. We have not space to quote any of the very pleasant gossip about Thackeray to which Mr. Fields treats us in this number of the *Atlantic*, but it will be found not only entertaining to the general reader, but instructive to the student of literary history and the literary character. It is curious to know that in Thackeray's own opinion his best work was 'Henry Esmond'—a book in which he is more undilutely a sentimentalist than in any other of his books, and as to which one would have thought that most of the pleasure which it could have given a person of its author's peculiar turn of mind would have been the subtly humorous enjoyment of noting the masqueradelike character of puppets begotten in the nineteenth century, and doing duty in the imperfectly revived days of Queen Anne.

'A Year in a Venetian Palace' is the title of Mr. Howells's latest essay, which we suppose will be as well liked by those who admire this writer as anything which he has done for a long time. The same might be said, and with emphasis, of Doctor Holmes's 'Dorothy Q.' which is in what we

think it will be agreed his very best manner, and which is certainly very good. It should be classed among *vera de societate*, probably; but a sort of slightly glorified *vera de societate*, in which sense, gaiety, humor, tenderness, and pathos are all present, and all find restrained and elegant expression.

Of other articles, the January *Atlantic* has a poem by Mr. Whittier; the beginning of a story by Mr. De Forest; and an article by Senator Wilson, entitled 'The New Departure of the Republican Party,' in which, besides much talk now for a long time trite, there is some talk which, it is to be feared, is the merest talk, in favor of universal education at the expense of the country in general.

In the *Overland Monthly* for January, a clever and observant traveller gives us a glimpse of Japan, and will be found an interesting talker. Mr. Bret Harte has some verses, called 'Further Language from Truthful James,' which we find perfectly unintelligible—except that they record the death, at the hands of 'Injin Dick,' of Mr. William Nye, who would seem to have found that, whatever may be the state of the case as regards the Mongolian on the Pacific coast, the American Indian, when there are to be any 'sinful games' practised by the Caucasian, it is better to leave to Senator Harlan, or Senator Pomeroy, or some Indian agent.

Old and New comes this month in double form. 'The Christmas Locket' is a 'holiday number' of this magazine, and is full of the kind of writing, dripping with an unnatural good-nature, which passes for seasonable, but which, one doubts, may not be the best thing to keep its readers true to really Christian aims. Perhaps its most noticeable article is a translation, by Mr. Charles T. Brooks, of a striking legend as to the Crucifixion of Saint Peter; and next it is a story—with a characteristic help—out of the fiction by facts and real names—which is the work of Mr. E. E. Hale. *Old and New* itself has a pleasant essay, by a new writer, who bids fair to become a writer of name and consideration, and whose work is already deserving of praise and will give pleasure, Mr. Charles Warner.

The *Catholic World* has a review of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's exposition of Christian doctrine, which it may not be unprofitable if the logical adherents of the Plymouth Church Confession of Faith will logically ponder. Also, it renews its attacks on Mr. Froude and his treatment of Mary Queen of Scots, and makes statements, not without an array of evidence, which, left unanswered, almost remove that gentleman from the ranks of respectable historians, and leave him in a very uncomfortable position. 'The Sources of American History,' dealing with Mexican monuments, is another valuable essay to which we shall be glad if we can to call the attention of scholars.

Lippincott's brings us round to Thackeray again, its 'monthly gossip' gossiping very pleasantly about him. Indeed, there seems to be little gossip about him which is not pleasant, and which does not increase one's impression that, while he was something like other people as regards perfectness, he was rather unlike some of the rest of us as regards perfectibility; and as regards *ad interim* likableness, until such time as we shall all be saints and heroes. It is not much worth while to say anything about Carlyle at this time of day, for he is now found out; and probably there is no doubt, as Mr. Emerson says of Plutarch, that he will be found out again, and more to his advantage, for there is that in him which ensures a rediscovery; but there is no harm, either, in repeating this, which is Thackeray's remark about him: 'Why don't he hang up his d—d old fiddles?' It hits well enough Carlyle's monotonous preaching of a single not very fruitful sermon. 'Yes, a wonderful writer,' Thackeray added, not forgetting the pictures of 'The French Revolution.' There is also something about Dickens in this reported conversation with his great contemporary.

In the *Galaxy* and *Harper's* the readers of these magazines will find the usual bill of fare, but nothing, we believe, which calls for special mention. Perhaps we might except the new set of articles called 'Types of American Beauty' which the *Galaxy* has begun to publish, and each of which is to be accompanied by a picture of some young lady. Question has been made, we see, as to whether a magazine should lend itself to such publication—a question the answer to which would seem to be dependent upon the consideration whether it would or would not be a nice sort of young lady who would allow her portrait to be so printed, and to be decanted upon in the accompanying letterpress. According as she might be would, we suppose, be the niceness or unniceness of editorially pleasing her.

The Life and Times of David Zisberger, the Western Pioneer and Apostle to the Indians. By Edmund De Schweinitz. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lip-

placott & Co. 1870.)—This name, not widely known, but dearly cherished within certain limits, deserves a more general acquaintance, and will, we trust, acquire it with the help of the volume which Mr. Edmund De Schweinitz, who is, we imagine, pastor of the Moravian Church of the United Brethren of Bethlehem, Pa., has so carefully prepared. The admirable work of Parkman on 'The Jesuits in North America' has made known the splendid courage and devotion shown by the Jesuit missionaries in the seventeenth century, and it is only fair that a like tribute should be paid to men who, though the servants of a very humble church compared with the great Roman hierarchy, encountered even greater difficulties and exhibited a force and temper no less admirable. Mr. De Schweinitz has brought many qualifications to the performance of his task: a sympathetic spirit, a simple faith akin to that of Zeisberger himself, an easy, pleasant style, sometimes a little too suggestive of the pulpit rhetorician, and, best of all, a patient industry that seems to have left no stone unturned which seemed at all likely to conceal anything bearing upon his subject. His handsomely printed volume contains an excellent index and geographical glossary. It should have contained a map showing at least the relative positions of the main points of interest. Such a map would make the narrative much more interesting and intelligible.

Besides the life of Zeisberger, the book contains a great deal of interesting collateral matter which gives the setting of the man, and enables the reader to 'put himself in his place.' Thus we have an account of the Moravian Church, its institution, and its various wanderings till it came to Bethlehem, which has ever since been the centre of its American activity. Then we have a description of the colonies at the time Zeisberger came on the stage, their civil and social aspects, an account, drawn from the best sources, of the Indians as they were at the time of the first settlements, and again as they were in the middle of the last century, when, without having availed themselves of the blessings of civilization, they had adopted many of its curses, especially the curse of intemperance. We see a good deal of Count Zinzendorf, and catch a glimpse or two of Benjamin Franklin, and one of John Woolman with his mind 'covered with the spirit of prayer' and desiring to speak to the Indians without an interpreter; doing so, and moving them greatly—a story that recalls the day of Pentecost, and some of the experiences of the great European missionaries of the Middle Ages.

Zeisberger was born in 1721, and died in 1808. He came to America in 1736, and entered on the labors of a missionary in 1744. These labors engaged him till his death, a period of more than sixty years. His life was one great hardship and much suffering and danger. It abounded in adventures, some of them equal to the imaginary ones of Captain Mayne Reid and writers of his school. His journeys were lonely, long, and arduous; one of them, occupying about three months, is reckoned to have been sixteen hundred miles, for the most part on foot, the rest in a canoe. His escapes were wonderful—he thought miraculous; and his biographer agrees with him. His whole life was a tragedy, the elements of which were various. Prominent among them were the suspicions that attached to the Moravian Indians during the French and Indian and the Revolutionary wars—suspicions which De Schweinitz proves to have been mainly groundless, making some good points against Parkman. Another element was the massacre of a band of missionaries by the Indians in 1755, and the far more horrible massacre in cold blood of ninety Christian Indians by the Pennsylvania Militia in 1782. A third element was the compulsory removals of the converts from place to place: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, and Canada being the four seats of operation. But greatest of all was the hopelessness of the work in which Zeisberger was engaged. After all his labors and self-sacrifice, not one prosperous church or village testified before his death to his faithfulness. The settlement in Western Canada was on the decline. Around his own little settlement, in Goshen, clustered the huts of barely a score of natives, and even these Zeisberger could not restrain from the most beastly intoxication. But his character must not be measured by his accomplishment. Indeed, his failures were to a considerable extent owing to the purity and loftiness of his ideal. He was not content to make proselytes, he aimed at moral reformation. He withheld baptism till he saw his converts bring forth the fruits of repentance. He was an honor to the Moravian Church and to our common humanity, and his biographer has done the public a good service in commemorating his career.

Treatment and Utilization of Sewage. By W. H. Corfield. Prepared for the Committee of the British Association. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)—The plan which Mr. Corfield advocates—of pouring sewage over the

earth, letting it soak through into drains, and carrying the drainage water to the sea—has met with numerous theoretical objections. Sewage thus spread out, it has been averred, 'would foul the air'; 'the amount coming from any great city would drown the land and convert it into a marsh'; 'the crops would be rank and bad'; 'disease would certainly follow such a system'; 'it would cost too much.' These and similar objections the book before us completely answers by examples drawn from experience. Agriculturists had found very profitable results from the use of sewage on a small scale near Edinburgh, Milan, in Flanders, and in China; and at last the local boards of health in England were obliged by act of Parliament to try what could be done with sewage on a large scale. When sufficient evidence had been gathered to show that the sewage of any town, including all the rainfall, could be poured over the fields in enormous quantities, and yet give corresponding crops, it was alleged that it could only be used on land very near the source, as in its flow, from contact with the air, gravity, and by chemical changes, it grew poorer, or at least less valuable as a manure, in proportion to the distance it was carried; and since it would be impossible to find sufficient land for the proper distribution of sewage near a city, that the irrigative plan must be considered impracticable. Careful trials, however, were made, which showed that a stream of sewage running in a shallow conduit two inches deep and open to the air for seventy-two miles, did not lose any appreciable amount of its strength other than as it was diminished in volume by evaporation.

The theoretical value of very dilute sewage on the land as manure, including all the waste water and rainfall of a city—which is not less than 100 tons per head—is $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents per ton, or \$1.50 per head; but it appears that the actual waste of the family, exclusive of rainfall or hydrant water, is worth 3 cents per head. This would give an annual loss for New York in its sewage, which both pollutes the water and air and promotes disease of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 millions of dollars a year. On page 188 of Mr. Corfield, we find that the bed of the river Mersey has been permanently raised by the deposits from sewage; that the drainage of Glasgow adds to the harbor of the Clyde 1,000,000 cubic yards of silt a year. On page 225 we are told that when sewage is delivered on the surface, the purification it receives varies with the kind of soil: a cubic yard of sand will clean in twenty-four hours $4\frac{1}{4}$ gallons, whilst a cubic yard of Dursley soil cleaned 9.9-10 gallons in the same time—equivalent to 100,000 gallons per day per acre; and the same soil acts equally well continuously. Even peat is a good filter, improving by use, and the Commissioners are satisfied by test that 'the sewage of a water-closet town of 10,000 inhabitants could, at a very moderate estimate, be cleansed upon five acres of land.' Experiment showed that Italian rye-grass could be perfectly grown on sea-sand a foot in depth when sewage was properly supplied to it. The Lochend Farm and the Craigenfinny meadow near Edinburgh are for the most part reclaimed from the sea-sand, and have been raised from \$15 per acre to an annual rent of \$150 per acre. During the year 1869, the highest rent paid per acre was \$210. The Earl of Essex gives the increased value of land from the use of sewage at \$12 per acre. The Sewage Company of the town of Worthing received in the year 1869 \$9,000, and paid out \$5,050; profit on the use of sewage \$4,000. This farm consists of 96 acres, of which 83 received the sewage of 7,000 people, or a daily volume of 480,000 gallons, of which 130,000 gallons are spring or surface water. The net profit in this case is 50 cents per head. The experiment at Norwood, conducted by the Croydon Board of Health, gave a revenue of about 90 cents per head. At Aldershot farm, the revenue was 80 cents a head. The sewage of Woking invalid prison was applied to an exceedingly porous sand, and raised it from no value to \$150 an acre for cow feeding. The Lodge Farm at Bark. ing returns \$1.25 per head for each individual supplying the sewage. The largest yield following the use of this manure is 33 tons of green grass, equal to at least 7 tons of hay per acre. The grass value of the milk from the increased produce of each thousand tons of sewage was between \$25 and \$30.

Our space forbids further illustration. We cannot too earnestly commend Mr. Corfield's report to every city and town government in the United States. We have seen that New York annually throws into the ocean three millions of dollars worth, spread over the sandy soil of New Jersey, would produce crops too great to be calculated. The city of Worcester is just completing a system of sewers to pour into a river the wealth of that town, which, distributed over 50 acres of land, would in a few years enrich the corporation and actually reduce the taxes. Other instances of this kind might readily be cited, but none, so far as we know, of the sanitary economy concerning which this book supplies all the necessary information.

American History and Biography,

ORATIONS AND SPEECHES,

PUBLISHED BY

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., 110 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

PARKMAN'S HISTORICAL WORKS.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC AND THE INDIAN WAR AFTER THE CONQUEST OF CANADA. Sixth edition. Revised, with additions. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$5.

The additions to this edition are made chiefly from a mass of correspondence added within a few years to the British Museum, and known as the 'Bouquet and Halliday Papers.' The letters of officers in the Pontiac War are several hundred in number, and exceedingly curious and interesting as vivid and lifelike reflections of the experience of those most actively engaged. There are many from Sir Jeffrey Amherst, the commander-in-chief; and many more from officers of every grade, from colonels to ensigns, part of the correspondence being official, and part friendly and familiar. Brother officers are not always spared; and the perplexities of those highest in command and the shameful practices to which Amherst resorted to in order to overcome an enemy of which he was continually proclaiming his contempt, appear in a light which is rather surprising. Considerable portions of the book have been rewritten, and many extracts from the letters incorporated.

'Mr. Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac" takes rank, among competent judges, as the most satisfactory historical monograph that our literature has produced.'—*The Nation*, New York.

'This brilliant and authentic contribution to our history is the result of original researches. The author presents in this volume an elaborately wrought but concisely digested historical sketch of the Indian tribes on our northern and western frontiers a century ago. His personal experience as an explorer of our wilderness regions, and a keen-sighted observer of Indian life and character, in actual companionship with them in the wigwam and hunting-path, make him a most skillful commentator on the aborigines. There are many pages of the volume which have a perfectly fascinating power and charm through their scenic descriptions and their woodcraft. There is no single volume of history, dealing with what has been done and suffered on our soil, which surpasses Mr. Parkman's volume in the interest or even the importance of its subject, or in vigor and ability of treatment.'—*Boston Advertiser*.

THE PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD. I. Huguenots in Florida. II. Samuel de Champlain. Seventh Edition. 8vo, cloth, \$2 50.

This volume is the first of an historical series of narratives of the rise and growth of North America, and the conflict of nations, races, and principles for its mastery.

'Like Washington Irving, he is enamored of the fragrance and beauty of the aboriginal forest, of the glory of ancient streams, and the wild vitality of savage life. Like that delightful master of fascination, he colors his style with the fresh hues of nature, and almost reproduces the spirit of the landscape in his glowing page. In vigor and pointedness of description, he may be counted superior to Irving, while frequent passages in his narrative recall the seductive enticements with which the best beloved writer of our country invested his magic portraits of external nature. We cordially congratulate Mr. Parkman on his eminent success, and rejoice in his promise to disclose further treasures of the mine which he has so happily opened.'—*New York Tribune*.

'It is a narrative which has all the animation, variety, and interest of a romance, and to most readers it will be as fresh and novel as a pure creation of the imaginative faculty.'—*New York World*.

'In interest this work exceeds any novel which has been published during the year. Every page bears unmistakable impress of power—power of patient investigation, power of dramatic conception, power of philosophic thought, power of pictorial diction.'—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

'One of the very finest contributions to the historical literature of this country.'—*Providence (R. I.) Press*.

'This book will live as an addition of incalculable value to American history.'—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

'To the illustrious list of American historians may now fairly be added the name of Parkman, whose works display learning and research fully equal to his great competitors; while in beauty, grace, and vividness of style, and graphic force of narration, he is scarcely rivalled by any of them.'—*Rochester Democrat*.

THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. Fifth edition. 8vo, cloth, \$2 50.

The period covered by this work is the seventeenth century, and it records the efforts of the earlier French Jesuits to convert the Indians. It deals extensively with the character and habits of the Indians and their would-be proselytes, and closes with the failure of the Jesuits at the fall of the Hurons at the last of the century.

'We know of few historical writers who combine such rare gifts as this American author. In his attention to minute incidents, he reminds us often of Dean Stanley; often, also, in his vivid portraiture, he recalls Lord Macaulay. He is generous and ready to give all their due; though himself a Protestant—probably of the most broad school—he does homage to the piety, devotedness, and self-sacrifice of the noble men whose lives and labors he sketches. His power of description, which first became known by his "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" never flags. The book is written with even force throughout, and possesses an intensity of interest rarely equalled. Mr. Parkman's sketches of lake and forest scenery in the glory of summer or in the gloom of winter are of exquisite beauty; and his delicate delineations of character prove him to be an equally accomplished portrait-painter.'—*The Christian Remembrancer*, London.

'Mr. Parkman has that prime merit of an historian, the conscientious duty and comparison of original documents. He has that hearty enthusiasm which gives warmth and life alike to subject and reader, making his books wholesome reading for both old and young.'—*North American Review*.

'Parkman's work is as fascinating as the best of Scott's novels. Once commenced, you cannot lay the book down; you will read every line of it.'—*Boston Pilot*.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST. Fourth edition. 8vo, cloth, \$2 50.

This volume embodies the exploits and adventures of the first European explorers of the Valley of the Mississippi; the efforts of the French to secure the whole interior of the Continent; the attempt of La Salle to find a westward passage to India; his colony on the Illinois; his scheme of invading Mexico; his contest with the Jesuits, and his assassination by his own followers. The narrative is founded entirely on contemporary documents, including many unpublished letters and journals of the chief explorers, which, for the first time, place in a clear light one of the most interesting and striking portions of American History.

'These volumes, as our readers know, or should know, form together a general history of "France and England in North America." It is a subject which Mr. Parkman has made as much his own as Motley the Dutch Republic or Macaulay the English Revolution. He is thorough master of his material, which is much scattered, and exists largely in manuscript; and his imagination, his picturesque narrative style and his admirable perception of the true point of interest, give to his historical works a wonderful charm and symmetry. It is to the pages of Mr. Parkman that we must go for the American Indian, Cooper so bewitches our young fancies with Uncas and the red heroes, that it is very difficult to divest our estimate of the Indian of a false and foolish glamour. Mr. Parkman, however, knows him by personal experience and long and thoughtful study.'—*Harper's Weekly*.

'He is undoubtedly not only one of our best historians, but one of the best living historians in the world.'—*Philadelphia City Item*.

'"The Discovery of the Great West," a book full of the romance of adventure, thrilling in the details of the obstacles overcome, the dangers encountered, the discoveries accomplished.'—*Christian Register*.

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By Hon. George Bancroft; with Portraits, Maps, etc. Vols. I. to IX. 8vo, cloth, \$22 50.

PALFREY'S HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND during the Stuart dynasty. Third edition. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$10.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN ADAMS, Second President of the United States. Edited by his Grandson, Chas. Francis Adams. 10 vols. 8vo, cloth, portraits, \$30.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF SAMUEL ADAMS. By William V. Wells. Being a narrative of his Acts and Opinions, and of his Agency in producing and forwarding the American Revolution; with Extracts from his Correspondence, State Papers, and Political Essays. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, with three Portraits on steel. \$12.

SABINE'S LOYALISTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. With an Historical Essay. By Lorenzo Sabine. Second Edition, enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$10.

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other papers, official and private; with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations. By Hon. Jared Sparks. 12 vols. 8vo, cloth, with portraits, \$24.

WEBSTER'S SPEECHES, FORENSIC ARGUMENTS, AND DIPLOMATIC PAPERS, with a Notice of his Life and Works. By Edward Everett. Twelfth edition. 6 vols. 8vo, with portraits, cloth, \$18.

WEBSTER'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE, with his Biography. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$7 50.

EVERETT'S ORATIONS AND SPEECHES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. By Hon. Edward Everett. With fine portrait. (Vol. III. contains a very full Analytical Index of the 3 vols. prepared by Austin Alibone, Esq.) 4 vols. 8vo, cloth. \$12.

RIVES'S LIFE AND TIMES OF JAMES MADISON. By William C. Rives. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$10 50.

SPARKS'S LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Conducted by Hon. Jared Sparks. New Series. Complete in 13 vols., each volume containing a Portrait or a neatly engraved Historical Sketch. 5 vols. 12mo, cloth, \$15.

SAVAGE'S GENEALOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND. By James Savage, formerly President of the Massachusetts Historical Society. 4 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$12.

OLIVER'S PURITAN COMMONWEALTH. An Historical Review of the Puritan Government in Massachusetts, in its Civil and Ecclesiastical Relations, from its Rise to the Abrogation of the First Charter. By the late Peter Oliver. 8vo, cloth, \$2 25.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSEPH WARREN. By Richard Frothingham. 8vo, cloth, \$3 50.

WINTHROP'S ADDRESSES AND SPEECHES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. By Robert C. Winthrop. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, \$7.

SPARKS'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON. The Life of George Washington. By Jared Sparks. New edition, with portraits. 8vo, cloth, \$3.

PICKERING'S LIFE. Vol. I. The Life of Timothy Pickering. By his son, Octavius Pickering. With portrait. 8vo, cloth, \$2 50.

Harper's Catalogue.

The attention of gentlemen, in town or country, desiring to form libraries or enrich their literary collections, is respectfully invited to Harper's Catalogue, which will be found to comprise a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature—comprehending over three thousand volumes—which are offered, in most instances, at less than one-half the cost of similar productions in England.

To Librarians and others connected with Colleges, Schools, etc., who may not have access to a trustworthy guide in forming the true estimate of literary productions, it is believed this Catalogue will prove especially valuable for reference.

The Catalogue is arranged alphabetically by the authors' names, anonymous works by the titles. The index is arranged by the titles of the books, besides having numerous appropriate heads, each general head being followed by the title of every work on the subject. Persons desirous of obtaining information regarding any foreign land, will find under the name of the country the title of all books of travel, history, or biography relating thereto.

The Publishers believe this will meet a long-felt want.

To prevent disappointment, it is suggested that, whenever books cannot be obtained through any bookseller or local agent, applications with remittance should be addressed direct to the Publishers, which will receive prompt attention.

Sent by mail on receipt of Six Cents.

Address **HARPER & BROTHERS,**
Franklin Square, New York.

PRICED AND DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE No. 23,

Containing many

SCARCE AND CURIOUS BOOKS,

As well as

STANDARD WORKS
IN HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, CLASSICS, THEOLOGY,
SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, DEMONOLOGY,
FRENCH WORKS, POETRY, THE DRAMA,
TRAVELS, ILLUSTRATED WORKS,
BELLES LETTRES, ETC., ETC.,

Now ready and will be sent, free of charge, to any address.

A. DENHAM & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,
17 Murray Street
(Near Broadway), New York.

Priced Catalogue No. 18

OF

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS,

Forming a Portion of the Stock of

DAVID G. FRANCIS,

DEALER IN NEW AND OLD BOOKS,

17 Astor Place, New York,

Just published, and will be forwarded free to any address.

PROTECTIONISTS AND FREE-TRADERS!

Read Bastiat's

Sophisms of the Protectionist.

Address 400 pages, 30 cents.

The Free Trade League,
New York City.

GERMAN AND FRENCH.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT, 25 BOND ST., NEW YORK, publish most of the Works used at Yale, Harvard, and other American institutions of standing. Send for a Catalogue.

HENRY K. VAN SICLEN,
BIBLIOPOLE,
133 NASSAU STREET,

Special attention given to orders by letter.

NOW READY.

A SHORTER COURSE IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

BY SIMON KERL.

Author of "Common School Grammar," "Comprehensive Grammar," "Composition and Rhetoric," etc.
1 vol., 240 pages, price 80 cents.

This work aims to be just such a manual as the great majority of schools and academies now require. The classification is exceedingly compact, and all that belongs to the same topic is carefully grouped together. It is especially adapted for use in schools where only one textbook in grammar is desired.

We shall be pleased to have the work extensively examined by teachers, and for this purpose we will send it, free of postage, on receipt of half the above price.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ELEMENTS OF

Composition and Rhetoric.

BY SIMON KERL.

Author of "First Lessons in English Grammar," "Common School Grammar," and "Comprehensive Grammar."

1 vol. 12mo. 400 pages, price \$1 25.

This is a simple, concise, progressive, thorough, and practical work on a new plan. It occupies an intermediate position between Common Grammar and Higher Rhetoric, and has been commended by many eminent scholars and critics as the best work of the kind now published.

We shall be pleased to furnish it, free of postage, for examination, with a view to introduction, at half retail price.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,

138 and 140 Grand Street, New York.

POTT & AMERY,

Cooper Union, New York,

Call attention to their stock of

Bibles, Prayer Books,

AND

Church Services,

SUITABLE FOR

Christmas and New Year's Gifts.

The most extensive and magnificent Assortment ever exhibited in New York.

Particular attention is called to their immense assortment of

FAMILY BIBLES.

During the Christmas Season, their ENTIRE STORE will be thrown open to the public for

RETAIL TRADE,

And will remain open until Ten o'clock P.M.

COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.

POTT & AMERY.

New York Eclectic Library,

120 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK.

27,000 Volumes, English, French, and German

PERIODICALS CIRCULATED AS BOOKS.

Open from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES

A Unique Collection of Original Melodies—words and music—obtained among the negroes of the South; preceded by an account of these Songs, and an Essay on the Negro Dialect, as observed at Port Royal, by Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin. Cloth, 8vo, price \$1 50.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price. Address **PUBLISHER OF THE "NATION," Box 6732, New York City.**

The \$25,000 Readers!!

NOW READY,

THE INDEPENDENT READERS

OF THE

NATIONAL SERIES.

The most elegant School-Books ever published; with new selections, Illustrations, and Semi-Phonetic Type, as easily read as common type; Illustrated Treatises on Orthography, Pronunciation, and Etymology, Blackboard Diagrams, Foot-Notes, Index, and Biographical Sketches. Strictly progressive development of Elementary Sounds—a lesson to each, in the lower numbers; and topical arrangement throughout.

The set of Five Volumes will be sent to any address, on receipt of \$3 50, or to teachers for \$1 75—half-price. Address—

A. S. BARNES & CO., Educational Publishers,
111 AND 113 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

'Hymns for Daily Use.'

Contains 128 pages of Hymns and Tunes which every one should know. 'Just the book we want for Prayer-Meetings.'

Only \$15 per hundred copies, in stiff covers.
" 10 " " " in paper covers.

Sample copy mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

J. ROSS & CO., 27 Rose Street, New York.
or **J. A. BEAVER, P. Y. M. C. A., Bellefonte, Pa.**

Critical and Social Essays.

REPRINTED FROM "THE NATION."

This selection in some measure supplies the place of Volumes I. and II. of the *Nation*, now somewhat difficult to procure. The following is the table of contents:

I. The Glut in the Fiction Market. II. Critics and Criticism.—III. Clergymen's Salaries.—IV. Popularizing Science.—V. The Good Old Times.—VI. Why we have no Saturday Reviews.—VII. Tinkering Hymns.—VIII. American Ministers Abroad.—IX. Horse-Racing.—X. Some of our Social Philosophers.—XI. Waste.—XII. Dress and its Critics.—XIII. Social Influence of the National Debt.—XIV. Hints for Fourth of July Orations.—XV. American Reputations in England.—XVI. The European and American Order of Thought.—XVII. Roads.—XVIII. Pews.—XIX. A Connecticut Village.—XX. Voyages and Travels.—XXI. Verse Making.—XXII. Something about Monuments.—XXIII. Our Love of Luxury.—XXIV. A Plea for Culture.—XXV. Curiosities of Longevity.

Handsomely bound in cloth, 12mo, \$1 50.

Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT,

PUBLISHERS,

25 Bond Street, New York.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL

For Family Use.—Burns in the ordinary Kerosene Lamps.—Is perfectly Safe.—Will not Explode.

The daily accidents from the use of inferior Kerosene oil may be wholly guarded against by using the above oil.

The best evidence of its absolute safety, purity, and brilliant illuminating qualities is its continued use by the thousands of families in all parts of the country who have once tried it. No accidents have ever occurred from it.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

OIL HOUSE OF CHAS. PRATT,

Established 1770,

Manufacturers, Packers, and Dealers in strictly Pure Oils,
108 Fulton Street, New York.

